# The Middletown

VOL. XVII. MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 7, 1884.



## Miscellaneous Advertisements.

**WEST & CARROLL!**

BARR'S OLD STAND. ESTABLISHED 1844.

**DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS!**

PERFUMERY, TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES, FINE SOAPS, BRUSHES, PATENT MEDICINES, AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES GENERALLY.

**Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.**

*WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c.*

☞ The *Prescription Department* will be under the care of Dr. Carroll.

BARR'S COLOGNE AND BARR'S FAMILY PILLS ALWAYS ON HAND. dec.15-tf.

J. F. McWHORTER,

**Grain Com'n. Merchant,**

AND DEALER IN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.,
STOREROOM IN COCHRAN BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

The Middletown Agency for the following well tried Agricultural Implements:—

**THE DEERING SELF-BINDING HARVESTER!**

THE OLDEST SELF-BINDER, and one that has never failed. Gave entire satisfaction last season to all who tried it. SIZES—6, 7 and 8 feet.

**Edmonston & Waddell Sulky Cultivator,**

Over 100 sold in this neighborhood this year.

**One-horse Iron-edge Cultivators; the Syracuse and South Bend Plows; also, extras including.**

Solid SLIP SHARE FOR ALL PLOWS, (exclusive agency for Middletown and vicinity).

VANWINKLE GRAIN FAN AND PENNOCK CORN SHELLER, THOMPSON HORSE RAKE, 5 feet Wheel, cannot be excelled for bunching and raking;

☞Rubber and Leather Belting, and Rubber Hose, of all styles furnished cheap.

☞Farmers who purchase machines of me will find them to be as represented.

☞N. B.—AGENTS FOR GILL & FISHER, EUROPEAN SHIPPERS, PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE.

☞ Grain Wanted at all times. Mch16-tf.

**Oysters! Oysters!!**

I shall now keep constantly on hand the best Oysters that can be found in market.

**Morris River Cove Plants,**

FOR PLATING AND FRYING;

**Tangier Sounds,**

AND

**Johnson's Bays,**

FOR STEWING AND GENERAL FAMILY USE.

☞Prices as low as can be found elsewhere

So much for the Oyster side of the house.

The other side is devoted to

**CONFECTIONS,**

OF THE FINEST QUALITY;

Also, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS AND NUTS. CAKES, CRACKERS, ETC., ETC.

**E. B. RICE, Agt.**

Sept. 28-tf. Middletown, Del.

**GROCERIES! GROCERIES!**

When you want Staple or Fancy Groceries, and at as low prices as you can buy them in the city, it will pay you to call at the store of

**W. M. VANDECRIFT,**

ODESSA, DELAWARE.

We do not claim to have the largest stock in the county, or to sell groceries cheaper than anybody else, but we do claim to keep always a fresh and carefully selected stock of just such goods as you are wanting for daily use, as well as for only occasional use, and to sell them as low as you can buy them anywhere.

**IN CANNED GOODS** we have all the best brands, including those of the Watkins' Packing Company. EVAPORATED FRUITS of our own curing, very fine and cheap.

**MEATS AND FISH.**

Salt Meats and Salt Fish of all kinds. Hams, whole or sliced. FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED, The Wm. Lee & Sons Co's best grades of Family Flour. Syrups, Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Teas, Mince Meats, Preserved Fruits, Cheese, Pickles, by quart or dozen; Spices of all kinds, and everything else usually kept in a first-class grocery store.

☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE BOUGHT FOR CASH OR TRADE.

**Boots, Shoes and Notions.**

We have a Boot, Shoe and Notion Department, in which we keep a well selected stock: Men's Fine and Coarse Boots, Ladies', Misses', and Children's Fine Shoes, and a general assortment of Rubbers, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods and Notions; a full stock at low prices.

After January 1st, 1884, our business will be conducted on the CASH SYSTEM, which we have found by experience to be the only system by which we can sell goods at low profits.—It is the best system for buyer and seller.

Dec. 28-tf. W. M. VANDEGRIFT, Odessa, Del.

**Everybody's Doctor!**

BY ROBERT A. GUNN, M. D.

*Everybody's Doctor* contains 684 octavo pages, and is printed on fine paper and is handsomely bound. It is sold at the low price of three ($3.00) dollars a copy, so as to bring it within the reach of all.

The work differs from all other books on Domestic Medicine in having the diseases systematically arranged according to their classification. Everything is described in the plainest possible language, and the prescriptions are written out in plain English, so that they can be employed by any intelligent reader.

Parents will find it a reliable adviser in everything relating to the rearing of their children.

Every family can save fifty times the price of the book every year, by consulting it.

It is complete in all its parts, and is the most recent book of the kind published.

If you have Dyspepsia, find out how to cure it by reading *Everybody's Doctor*.

You can learn how to cure catarrh by consulting *Everybody's Doctor*.

For habitual Constipation, read *Everybody's Doctor*.

For all diseases of the Lungs and air passages, consult *Everybody's Doctor*.

You can cure Croup and Whooping Cough by following the treatment given in *Everybody's Doctor*.

For the cure of Piles, read *Everybody's Doctor*.

The book will be sent free by mail or express on receipt of three dollars.

☞ *We refer to the Editor of this paper as to the book.*

Address,

NICKLES PUBLISHING CO.,
*29 Ann St., New York City.*

Send for Circular. ☞ Agents Wanted.

*Exclusive Territory Guaranteed.*

dec.7-6m

**WALL PAPER**

AT

**D. L. DUNNING'S.**

We have just added to our already large line of Wall Paper over

**2,000 Pieces of the Latest Patterns**

FOR 1883.

MR. GEORGE G. ROWE, a practical Paper Hanger, is still with us, and will guarantee all work done in a satisfactory manner.

☞ CEILINGS DECORATED WHEN DESIRED.

jan 27-tf

ESTABLISHED 1832.

**ODESSA WAGON WORKS.**

Constantly on hand a large stock of well seasoned

**LUMBER.**

**PLOWS,**

AND

**PLOW CASTINGS,**

HARROWS, ROLLERS, CULTIVATORS,

AND

**Farming Implements Generally,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

AT

**REDUCED PRICES.**

CELEBRATED

**"PIONEER" STUMP PULLER.**

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE

**Popular Champion Mower & Reaper**

AND THE ONLY WHOLLY SUCCESSFUL

**CORD BINDER Yet Produced.**

DIAMOND IRON PLOWS,
HAGERSTOWN DRILLS AND RAKES,
COMLY SELF DUMP RAKES,
LADAW WHEEL HARROWS,
"PLANET JR.," HORSE HOES, &c., &c.,

**L. V. ASPRIL & SON**

*ODESSA, DEL.*

apr22-tf

**Farmers, Attention!**

Having recently purchased the Fixtures of the Harness Store at Odessa, Del., and having twenty years experience, I am prepared to furnish those desiring,

ALL KINDS OF

**HORSE AND DRIVING GOODS.**

My stock has been carefully selected, and comprises all the necessary harness for Work and Driving Horses,

ROBES, PLAIN AND FANCY CARRIAGE BLANKETS, HORSE COVERS, &c.

**REPAIRING** neatly done by an experienced workman, and goods made to order guaranteed to give satisfaction.

☞Prices as low as the lowest.

DEWITT C. LEGG,
jan.18-3m. Odessa, Del.


### ONE NIGHT IN A CALIFORNIA STAGE-COACH.

BY LISLE LESTER.

It was before the Union and Central Pacific railroads were thought of. In the days when a journey by stage from Virginia City, Nev., to Sacramento was an event—days when two stages, sometimes three, six horses each, left the city on Mt. Davidson, loaded with silver bricks, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express boxes filled with dust and coin, the United States mail, and twelve or fourteen passengers to each stage.—What a journey it was!

Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, whom everybody knows of today, know all that is conveyed in this exclamation, "*What a journey it was!*" Across Carson Valley, rich in its shades of umber and bronze; up the eastern slope of the Sierras, for ever green and snow-crowned; first through gently ascending valleys, fragrant with pine and cedar, melodious with dancing cataracts, and running golden water in the sluice-boxes; then perilous winding grades higher up, with misty spaces below and gigantic boulders above—a night of dizzy ascent in such a theatre of snowy pinnacles, domes and turrets, none can believe but those who see—still on in the dawn of the morning where the grandeur of the snow summits were kissed then blushed in matchless crimson; down grades that whirled around spurs and shelving mountains in wondrous circuits; a hearty breakfast on Tahoe trout, and on again down the Eureka side of the Sierras, past the witchery of its scenery to sunny Sacramento Valley—three days!

Shake out blanket and robe; stretch the limbs in blissful luxury; all in all, it was worth a lifetime.

It was a cold, bleak night in early December. The Virginia coach was late into Carson City. The horses were dripping and smoking as they drew up before the hotel; the wheels were clogged all out of any resemblance to their identity with snow and mud—a combination early Californians will find no difficulty in remembering. The passenger list was small—two gentlemen, who had grumbled from the minute they took their seats because the stage was not a hotel; one lady for Placerville, and the writer, rolled up in double blankets. Under the seats were seven leather sacks with red seals on, each sack containing a silver brick, weighing more than a New York car-conductor could possibly lift. Wells & Fargo's boxes and the mail filled up the front boot, and numerous boxes and baggage weighed down the back boot.

Supper over, fresh horses ready, and "Curley Jim," a well-known, historic character and stage-driver, in a huge blanket overcoat, was already on his seat, gathering into his big gloved fingers, in miraculous fashion, the lines of the restive team. Muffled to the crown of his head sat the express messenger, on the driver's left.

"All aboard!"

"Hold on a minute, Curley," shouted the agent, running down the hotel steps and climbing up the wheel, apparently to whisper in Curley Jim's ear, if that appendage could be found.

What was conveyed into that ear by the agent no one ever knew, but the whole town heard the driver's volcanic reply, viz:

"Thunderation!"

At the same time his whip was slammed heavily down upon the top of the coach, and the reins twisted in a twinkling across the break-handle, and above the wind and sleet he was heard to shout to the stableman, who was holding the leading team:

"Hold that near leader thar! and chock up old Fremont or he'll kick that trace into Jericho!"

Then he descended from his seat and slammed the door back, as a mite of a woman emerged from the crowd on the steps and made her way to the coach, with a bundle in her arms. In a brusque, but still kindly tone, Curley Jim called out:

"Passengers inside, make room for a woman and child."

The "woman," not much more than a child in physique, was helped into the back seat beside the writer and a small parcel, called "the baby," handed in very gently by the rough-voiced driver, saying, at the same time:

"Get yourself fixed warm, ma'am; wrap that blanket round yer feet; it'll be old Riper and lightning before we get up the first grade. Are ye all right now?"

A plaintive voice, almost drowned in the screeching of the wind, answered:

"Yes, sir—thank you for your goodness."

"Oh, blast my goodness," retorted Curley, "so you're all right."

Slam went the door, and in a remarkably short time the same voice was heard from the driver's seat, shouting within its peculiar emphasis, as the whip snapped over the team:

"All set! Let 'em go! Hit up Old Virginny, there; she needs knocking down. Hi, there, you Piute dandy!" and, with a groan of pain, the wheels crashed through the snow, and we rolled out of Carson into one of the most disagreeable nights ever known on the Eastern Slope.

Until near midnight we rode steadily but slowly on through the rain, wind and sleet, up the winding, slippery grades into the everlasting snows; through forests of cedar bending their limbs to the very ground; under sheets and plumes of snow and sparkling icicles; the wind rollicked mad with bitter acuteness, and the constant anxiety and sympathy for weary horses made the night horrible with accompanying fear and apprehension.

The male passengers inside alternately groaned, snored and growled, only varying these moods by striking a match now and then to consult a watch or a small bottle. The most silent passenger was the little woman with the baby—no one would have dreamed of a baby keeping still five long hours in a stage-coach, even with a bottle of soothing-syrup at its command.

We had changed horses three times and crossed one divide.

"Halloa! hold on! Robbers, by thunder!"

Curley Jim's voice sounded high above the storm, the coach stopped with a jerk, the windows in each door were suddenly lowered, and two Henry rifles covered the inside passengers.

It was the work of a minute, and no one spoke. Behind each rifle stood a masked man—the one on the writer's side spoke quickly, in a well-bred voice and manner:

"Keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen; you will not be molested; all we want is the express; the first one who resists will be shot instantly."

The announcement was cooler than the night; but every passenger knew the virtue of obedience. Outside, Curley Jim was making (not Rome), but the Sierras, "howl" with his characteristic denunciations of "footpads," as he sat on the box with "a rifle to his nose," as he termed it. The villains, who were holding the horses and detaching them from the stage, and the fellows who were breaking open the boxes, laughed loudly at the driver's remarks, and endeavored to provoke his good humor by telling him "he was only a passenger now," and that "his friends all knew he was a good fellow," and so forth.

The guard of the "inside passengers" seemed to be the leader of the expedition, as he gave directions to all the rest; he frequently attempted conversation with the occupants on the back seat, and seeming to be polite, at least in his address, we volunteered the inquiry:

"Do you like this business of robbing stages?"

"Quite to the contrary," he replied, "I detest it; I was not intended by nature or education for a robber; but whenever I get into a bad business I endeavor to make it as reputable as possible; for that reason I never rob a traveler, nor allow one to be robbed by my assistants, especially a lady. By-the-way, ladies, are you warm? This is a bitter night—how are your feet?"

"Comfortable!" we replied, amused at the solicitude of a man holding a cocked rifle across our throat.

"Have you a baby there, madam?" he went on, addressing the silent little woman from Carson."

"Yes."

The voice and simple "yes" sounded like a wail from a distant canon.

"Poor child!" said the robber, in a tenderly humane accent. "Can you manage to keep it warm?"

"No," broke from the woman, in a tone that surprised us all more than the rifles had when thrust in our faces.

"It must be wrapped warm, then," said our gallant highwayman, when the tearful voice responded:

"It will never be warm again!"

"Heavens!" said the man, "is it dead?"

"Yes," was the chilling response; "it died this afternoon, and I am taking it to my mother in Sacramento, where it can be properly buried," and a great sob was heard by every one in the coach.

"And you have carried that cold body in your arms all night?" inquired the robber, in surprise and sympathy.

"I have," was the faint reply, freighted with a tremor of fear.

"Poor woman!" he uttered in a gentler tone. "Why did you start with it in that way without a coffin? Where is your husband?"

"My husband—my—he forsook me before it was born for another woman—I don't know where he is——"

"Cussed scoundrel!" said the man.

"Amen!" responded one of the men on the middle seat.

"I was destitute, and baby starved to death. I could not buy a coffin; I only wish to reach my mother," pleaded the choking voice, and silently one sympathetic hand stole into hers as the robber called out:

"I say, Curley, did you know you had a dead child inside?"

"Yes," roared back honest Curley, "and the devil take your soul if you lay a hand on it!"

"Bully for you!" the man shouted back; "we are robbers, Curley, but we are men."

"Oh, don't make the driver any trouble, sir," cried out the terrified little woman; "it is through his kindness alone I am permitted to take my dead child home."

"Make him trouble? Not a bit of it," said he, thrusting one hand into his breast pocket, and pulling out a brandy flask, saying in good, round, manly generosity of tone: "Here, Curley, take a drink; you're a trump."

"All right; pass it up!" And after a significant sound of smacking lips on the box, the flask was handed back.

"Now," said our robber gentleman to the shivering little woman, "you must have a mouthful of this to keep you warm; you must be half chilled, I know." Then, in the most polished manner, said: "Perhaps some of you have a cup or a glass; please take this flask and pour it out for her."

Half a dozen hands were ready, a glass was produced, and the suffering woman eagerly swallowed the contents, saying: "Oh, I thank you so much."

"How old is—or was your baby, madam?" was the next question.

"Just six weeks, sir," was the reply.

We heard a peculiar whistle from our guard, and another masked man came quickly to his side.

"Empty one of those express boxes, and bring it here at once." The order was almost instantly obeyed, and the man whom we no longer felt a secret dread of, turned to the poor little mother, with almost a reverential demeanor, saying: "I think we can give the baby a temporary coffin, if you are willing, and my man here will hold the box, while you lay the body in it as well as you can; the driver will find a good place for it in the boot; don't you think it will be the best plan?"

"Yes, sir, I'm quite willing."

The passengers offered every possible aid, and the box was laid across the writer's lap, and the masked assistant took up the little bundle and bestowed it very carefully in its iron-bound casket. Woolly mufflers and cashmere handkerchiefs were forthcoming to wrap the stiff little form, and as the cover was about to be shut down, the man at the window interrupted, saying:

"Wait a minute—let the mother kiss her child if she wants to."

Of course she wanted to.

Her own white face went down for an instant to the mite of a visage in the box, then laying her handkerchief over the face, the cover was shut down, and the box tightly strapped.

"Now take it to Curley Jim; and, I say, Curley," calling out as the box was handed up, "it's to go through to Sacramento, no matter who tries to interfere."

"You bet it'll go through," was the pointed reply, as it was deposited on the floor of the boot.

"My poor woman," said this humane stage robber, "have you any money?"

Without relaxing his hold upon the rifle that had been horizontally familiar with the writer during the entire scene, this law-breaking, but grandly-natured man, spoke up, with a generous ring in his voice, saying: "Well, you must not do without food until that time, and some accident may happen on the road; please accept some honestly-made money from my pocket—I would not insult you with stolen cash."

With this every passenger's purse was pulled out, the two ladies managing, as they usually do, to get theirs out first, and as two gold twenties dropped from the robber's hand into that of the grateful little woman, a generous addition was made by her fellow-passengers with sympathetic words, to make its reception easier.

As her choking "Thank you, thank you," was returned, the knight of the rifle spoke again:

"Bravo, ladies and gentlemen; it was providential we stopped this coach—we do not take so much credit to ourselves, but it looks as if we were the medium of a higher power to do good when it was most needed; see to it, gentlemen, this lady and her dead child go through to Sacramento unmolested, and you might remember at the same time, *a robber, so-called, is not a brute of necessity*. If your villain of a husband was in this vicinity, madam, I'd pay my respects to him before daylight."

"Good on your head; we'd lend you a hand," responded one of the growling passengers.

At this point in the proceedings, the chief was informed "Everything was O. K."

"All right," he responded; "put the boxes back in their places, hitch the horses on, and if you have any good cigars among you, give Curley half a dozen. Keep the rifles sighted on everything until the coach turns the bend yonder." Then to the passengers: "Good-night, all. Perhaps you'll have to give evidence against me, but that's a part of the bill of fare; we are prepared for such emergencies. Go ahead, Curley, old fellow; take care of yourself."

"Same to you," shouted Curley, as his foot scraped on the break-handle; "wish you Merry Christmas! Whoa, there! hang that off leader! Git up! Take off your rifles; there ain't fight enough in us now to knock down a Washoe squaw.

Snap went the whip; the windows were both banged together in a twinkling, and the sleet-covered barrel of a Henry rifle shot past the writer's window like a flash.

At the station in the morning excitement ran high over the robbery, as told by driver, messenger and passengers, while hastily taking breakfast. Just as we were about to start again, the express agent stood braced against a snow-bank talking to Curley Jim about five minutes; the new driver for the next route, into Sacramento, was the since celebrated Hank Monk, and while he was shifting the mail-sacks, boxes and bricks about, Curley shouted out, suddenly:

"Hank, *that's the box!*—the one with the strap 'round it. Knock hot spots out of any one who dares to interfere with it!"

"You bet your bottom dollar!" was the terse response from a mouth crammed with tobacco.

As the stage neared Sacramento the passengers were made acquainted with the fact that it would drop the "little woman from Carson" at her mother's door before entering the main street. The appearance of a coach and six in a narrow street on the outskirts of the capital city was an event; the whole population of the street gathered at the windows and on the doorsteps; they were still more amazed to see the huge form of Hank Monk descend from the driver's seat; and curiosity reached the highest point of existence in the human nature of the street when he pulled out from the boot a familiar, green-colored, iron-bound box belonging to Wells, Fargo's Express Company.

Holding the clumsy box, as it was never held before, he opened the door of the coach for the sorrowful little passenger, while all the rest gave her a word of parting cheer and kindness, then so common in California, even among rogues and strangers.

The door of the pretty cottage, covered with roses and woodbines, was suddenly thrown open, and a silver-haired lady opened her arms, into which we saw our afflicted passenger safely housed; the express box was laid down upon the door-sill, the driver shook hands with the mother, and in a second was back to his seat, snapping his whip over a team of blacks, famous in those days as the "Pioneer Team," the near leader pricking up his shiny ears at the name of "Sutter."

* * * * *

Three years after, while studying the "bill of fare" at dinner in the Lick House, San Francisco, a family entered and took seats at the same table. Suddenly the gentleman, apparently husband and father of a very stylish trio of girls, gave an order to the waiter. The voice was familiar; I looked up, to see a very elegantly-attired man, of about forty-five years of age, whose face was familiar as one of California's leading citizens. The voice struck a memory that would not locate itself until the long, formal meal was nearly over; then a remark, made in the lower tones of the voice, started to life the memory of that night on the mountains, when the coach was stopped and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express robbed of a heavy treasure.

The knight of the rifle was recognized. Ten thousand dollars' reward had been offered for the "apprehension of any of the gang."

Here was the leader, a man of position, honored in social and commercial circles, dining sumptuously with his very attractive daughters.

For the humanity witnessed that night he will never be betrayed; the memory of that little green box and its contents obscures all the rest.—*Frank Leslie's.*

### Wanted Fruit.

The sensations of suddenly becoming rich, although we have never experienced them, act upon different temperaments in strangely various ways. During a conversation in regard to sudden wealth, a man who has had much experience in mining camps, said:

"In 1876, while in Rosita, Colorado, I had ample opportunities for studying the capricious freaks of men who became suddenly wealthy. One man who struck it rich, yielded to a passion which he had for pointer dogs, and bought every slim looking dog in the neighborhood. Another man wanted horses, another clothes, and another stage coaches, although he had no actual use for them. The most enthusiastic man, however was a fellow named Edwin Bassic. He came to Rosita poor but determined. He pitched the tents of his fortunes on a spot that no other man would have, and began work with a will and fixedness of purpose that created laughter. He was very poor and it was all that he could do to provide bread for his wife and children. Many a time he went home hungry, but still with a miner's undaunted courage and a man's strong arm, he worked on. One day he struck a rich lead. Intense excitement prevailed in the town, and from a visionary laborer, he became the man of the hour. Still he realized no money, and his household condition was anything but prosperous, but a change awaited him. The second day after his strike, he sold an interest in his mine for a large sum of money. With a flush of triumph, signalizing that his hopes had been realized, he gathered up his suddenly acquired fortune and rushed to the nearest store. There he bought all of the canned fruit which was for sale, and had it sent down to his house. Then he ran to another store and bought all the canned fruit. He did not stop at this, but he went on from one store to another buying canned fruit. He was not satisfied until he had bought all the canned fruit in town, and even then he seemed to lament because there was no more canned fruit worlds to conquer. Delivery wagons were constantly driving up to his house, and cans, in showers of glittering tin, were flying from his back windows. Every child had a can in his hand, and the fruit famine, thus caused in the town, created great excitement. Wagons were dispatched to the nearest railway station and telegrams, ordering canned fruit, were sent to distant cities. It seemed that there was a demand for nothing but canned fruit, and even the drug-stores ordered this highly necessary article of diet. When the excitement subsided, the rich miner's house was stocked with canned goods. The juice of the strawberry and the pulp of the peaches stained the door facing. Naturally, they got enough after awhile, but cans were so thick in the neighborhood that a citizen's committee ordered them to be carried away. Bassic now lives in Bridgeport, Conn., and the last I heard of him, he had settled down into a permanent enjoyment of good clothes and canned fruit."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"What struck an old soldier," is the heading of an article in an esteemed contemporary. A press of business compels us to skip the article, but the thing most likely to strike an old soldier these times is a pension agent, and he generally stirkes in the region of the pocketbook.—*Oil City Blizzard*

### JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

BY ADA M. DAUGHADAY.

A VISIT TO DEI BUTUZ.

One bright March morning a cavalcade consisting of four ladies, four jinrikishas, and eight coolies, swept away from the pleasant "Home of the Ladies' Union," at Yokohama—the one that Mrs. Pruyn, of Albany, helped to found. Although we carried no banners excepting black, prosaic sun-umbrellas, nor did we go forth with the blare of trumpets and clash of cymbals, unless the cries of our men to each other might serve for that, yet we were a triumphal procession. We had met and over-come obstacles innumerable by stern resolve and feminine persistence, and we were actually on our way to see Dei Butuz (Great Buddha.) Dashing through narrow streets, scattering bare headed men, women and children, in every direction, tearing around corners, rattling over bridges, over hills and down dales, our human steeds carried us along our winding way.

Too fast we sped for those of us who were newly arrived, for, to our inexperienced eyes, there were wonders to behold on all sides. First there were the street scenes of Yokohama. By these I do not refer to the "Bund" with its handsome, foreign-built residences and hotels, neither to the "Bluffs," where are pleasant missionary homes (some of them spelled with a large H,) and the "bungalows" of foreign merchants, surrounded by semi-tropical vegetation, nor to the business streets where foreign and Japanese stores, consulates with flags flying, and some fine public buildings, are all mixed in a bewildering way, but to the Japanese quarter, where we could observe what we were especially intetested in—Japanese people, and get glimpses of their home-life. They impress us as being a small, puny race, yet they seem capable of great endurance. In their lane-like streets, their little, low, unpainted shops appear to be crowding each other, and the fruits, fish, and curious wares of all kinds seem to be overflowing—not to the sidewalks, as there are none, but to the public highway. We are told the people live in their stores and small rooms back of them, but judging from the numbers thronging the streets, and sitting in the open fronts of the houses, we would say they live out of doors. Propably this accounts for the rosiness and plumpness of the children and young women; but the latter must very soon lose their freshness, as nearly all the middle aged women we have seen look worn and wrinkled, and walk with a stoop. Sitting on mats, Japanese fashion, and carrying heavy burdens on their backs from early childhood, no doubt cause this position. Married women are indicated and disfigured by shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth. The withered, bowed hopeless appearance of the old people touches our hearts, and we long to tell them of that which would be a staff and comfort to them in their old age, and an insurance of joy beyond the grave.

The most striking feature of the streets to us, on account of their vast numbers, is the babies. They abound everywhere and seem as a class to be treated with great consideration, but, according to our western ideal, not with tenderness. Yet, held high on the mother's or older sister's back, with their little shaven crowns bobbing up and down, they look rosy and jolly enough. One cannot help pitying them, though, as the strong sunlight shines into their poor, unprotected little eyes. No wonder eye troubles prevail here and that there are so many blind people. Sometimes a group of little girls may be seen running and playing with clogs on their feet and babies on their backs. I wonder how our small Americans would like to play "tag" handicapped in that fashion?

Here and there are groups of men with little pipes of less than the capacity of small thimbles, enjoying a social smoke; but what with tailors sittting at doorways plying their trade, women spinning or selling goods, men making confectionery consisting of various preparations of beans, rice and sugar, or compounding a fish paste, nearly all seem to be, in a small way, industrious.

We are told while all the men, and many of the women, smoke, they do so only a little at a time, and as a relaxation from work, and while most of them are addicted to saka, their saka cups are very small, and as a beverage, unless taken hot, it is not very intoxicating. When under its influence they become silly, but not quarrelsome. One cannot help hoping while foreign liquors are being imported into this country, and poisonous imitations of them are being manufactured here, that the poverty which is so general may prevent this people from indulging in them, else brawls, at home and abroad, and crime, will as surely follow as in Christian America and England.

A close acquaintance with the Japanese may develop some unpleasant characteristics, and we expect to know of their having some vices that, with their uneducated consciences, they would naturally indulge in, but at present they impress us as being neat, cheerful, gentle and contented.

Now, for the shadows of this picture of street life. Here comes a party of priests with shaven heads, who are ringing bells and soliciting offerings, now a funeral procession passes by headed by a priest with a yellow satin robe over one shoulder, then comes the square bamboo or wooden coffin (as they bury in sitting position) swung from the shoulders [illegible] by a throng of bad [illegible] women laughing a[illegible] people are like chi[illegible] faculty of throwin[illegible] ble. Here stands [illegible] ket place," repea[illegible] clapping his har[illegible] of the gods.

Leaving the ci[illegible] into the open cou[illegible] wound in and out among [illegible] shapes and sizes, some w[illegible] openings in their sides, sugge[illegible] that some great convulsion of natu[illegible] had tossed them into such irregularity; then we came to level spaces where the flooded rice-fields, winter wheat, and many early vegetables, showed careful tillage. The small thatched roofed cottages of the farmers looked almost like bird-houses, and were grouped together away from the farms, forming little villages. Children called after us "Ohio" (good morning,) (I spell by ear,) and as we are very glad to air what little Japanese we know we responded. One neat, low-roofed building we passed on the way was one of the many schools the government is establishing throughout the country. Here and there, all too frequently, clusters of trees and a torii (like a gateway) indicated that a small temple was near, while way-side shrines abounded everywhere. Although "young Japan" of the educated classes is casting off Buddhism, and like some of our young, superficial thinkers at home, embracing infidelity, still, we judge, it must have a strong hold upon the common people.

After riding about three hours we stopped to see some celebrated temples, and to give our poor, little "jinriky men," who had trotted on with undiminished speed all the way, a chance to rest and to take a little rice and tea. At the entrance of the grove we turned to look at them, with the amiable wish that they might now cool their heated bodies, and enjoy their brief respite frm severe toil, when lo! they were laughing and playing leap-frog like school boys.

The temple-groves seemed like sacred ground, on account of their size, the coolness and depth of their shades, and their noble trees of pine, camphor and cryptomeria. These grounds had broad, well kept walks and stone stairways. The buildings were large, imposing and highly ornamented with wood-carving, black and gold lacquer and bronze. We stepped to the door and looked within the sacred enclosures at idols and idols, and saw the offerings scattered around them. We were permitted to ascend a low hill, and by pulling a beam, to strike a huge bell which gave out such a great, booming sound as to startle us, yet its deep tones were very musical. Here were boxes containing thousands of straw sandals, the offerings of pilgrims who have visited this shrine.

Returning we met a woman going up to worship with incense sticks burning in her hands, and at the torii a party of thirty pilgrims was entering.

Resuming our jinrikishas we again rolled over the firm, smooth road until we came to another large grove. We dismounted and followed a broad, paved path until suddenly there was before us the Presence. There it sat, ont in the open air, the immense idol we had read about and desired to see. Colossal in size, grand in its repose as a work of Japanese art, it was well worth the journey; but when we remembered what it was, and noted the reverence of the poor people around it, we were saddened by this stupendous monument to a false faith. We went inside the hollow figure, and of course found him brainless and headless. Outside we were requested to write our "honorable names" in a register.

After partaking of luncheon under the very shadow of the massive bronze figure, where we could study the calm, sweet expression of the face, as we had attained the object of our pilgrimage we started Yokohama-ward. We were intending to go back by the "Plains of Heaven," which by the way are a succession of hills, but were diverted from our purpose by discouraging accounts of the road. We made a little detour, however, from the main thoroughfare, to see some villages, plum blossoms, wild japonica trees, etc. men and women were working in the fields, or carrying great loads on their backs, As the horses are so scarce, the people are their own beasts of burden. On several occasions through the day we saw the Japanese pack-horse, which had been described to us as a "vicious beast," but upon which we expended much symyathy when we noted the burdens they carry in addition to the great pack saddles. Twice a small patient-looking cow toiled past, almost hidden by the packages piled on her.

Sometimes we came to bridges only wide enough for a person to walk across. "Shall we walk over?" I called to an experienced member of the party. Before an answer could be given, the jinrikisha with its occupant was lifted up and carried across by two coolies who took the affair as a very commonplace matter. The ride back was delightful, the air fresh and bracing the country picturesque if not beautiful, and our manikins apparently in strength and good spirits.

Soon the distant lights of the city drew nearer, and again we were surrounded by pleasant, dark faces, and heard the clatter of clogs. Although the words uttered on all sides were unintelligible to us the universal language of smiles and kind tones was understood and appreciated, and we found ourselves with an unspeakable longing for the time when these people shall hear the glad tidings of salvation, and our hearts overflowed with gratitude at the thought of being permitted to share in the glorious work of rescuing Japan for Christ.—*American Rural Home.*

...ve met ... That ...tions on ... The things ... welcome, ... be brief and ... going ... ourselves re... correspondents. ... receive no attention. ...tions to the Proprie...

...MAR. 7, 1884.

... work on his new ... on his Presiden...

... good a chance as ... the Republican ... is plum at Chi...

... the City of Col... ... has closed, and Capt... held responsible and his ... provoked.

JOHN W. MASON, of West Virginia, is mentioned in Washington as the probable successor of Mr. New as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

LOGAN is Grant's man for the Presidential nomination. Just how much it will count to be "Grant's man," Logan will find out when the Republican National Convention speaks.

AT several points in New Hampshire Wednesday was the coldest day of which record has been made for thirty years. The thermometer registered thirty-six degrees below zero.

IT IS generally admitted now that New York is to be the great Presidential battle ground next November, and, therefore, "Who can carry New York?" is the question that will puzzle the ticket-makers on both sides of the fence.

THE PRESIDENT has nominated Judge Leonard E. Wales, of Wilmington, to be United States Judge for the District of Delaware, in place of the late Judge Bradford. The name of Judge Wales was sent to the Senate yesterday.

THE Presbyterian Hospital at Philadelphia refused $2,500 from the committee of a "Charity Ball," because of the way in which the money was raised, and the amount will be distributed among the other hospitals for which the ball was given.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by the Post-office Department for a special fast mail train between New York and Chicago, to begin running to-morrow night. It will make the run from New York to Chicago in twenty-seven hours.

M. O. VANFLEET, Treasurer of Huron county, Ohio, has been missing since Saturday last. This don't trouble his friends, some of whom are on his bond, so much as the fact that about $60,000 of the county funds are missing also. It is feared that Treasurer Vanfleet is a little to fleet of foot.

KENNETH RAYNOR, Solicitor of the Treasury, and the old fogy who recently gave an opinion that a woman could not be licensed as master of a steamboat, died on Wednesday. He was one of the North Carolina fosils unearthed by R. B. Hayes, when the grand idea of forming a new Republican party at the South was working in his head.

### Literary Notes.

MR. FRANCIS LATHROP, who had much to do with the decoration of the new Metropolitan Opera House, has prepared for *The Manhattan* a design for a new cover, which has been approved of and will be placed at once in the hands of the engraver.

THE April number of *The Manhattan* will be a gallery of portraits of Edwin Booth, presenting him in two scenes of "Hamlet;" in two scenes of "Richelieu;" as Iago, Othello and Lear, the last-named being engraved from a picture by Jervis McEntee. The frontispiece will be a half-length of Booth, engraved by Velten.

*Correspondence of the Transcript.*

### Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 5th, 1884.

One of the most important bills introduced this session, was that presented to the House a few days ago by Mr. Oates, of Alabama to prohibit aliens and foreigners from acquiring title to or owning lands within the United States; and any deeds or other conveyances acquired by such after the passage of the act shall be void; but that such foreign born persons as have legally declared their intention to become citizens shall be eligible to acquire homesteads if otherwise qualified under the homestead laws. The necessity for such a bill, and the reasons for introducing it, are apparent. The nobility of England and other countries are turning their eyes toward the cheap lands of America. While they reside in their castles and palaces and manors and the gay courts of Europe, they will draw vast incomes from their tenants on their landed estates in America, making it a kind of second Ireland. During the last few years immense estates have been purchased in the United States by the nobility of Great Britian. 2,000,000 acres of well selected land in Montana and Dakota have been purchased by Sir Edward J. Reed, Member of Parliament for Cardiff, Wales. 1,300,000 acres, consisting mostly of pine lands in Mississippi, though including 400,000 acres of the finest agricultural land in the Yazoo river bottoms, is owned by the firm of Phillips, Marshall & Co., of Mark Lane, London. 350,000 acres, which includes an entire county in Kansas, is the property of Alexander Grant. The Duke of Scotland owns about 500,000 acres, part of which is in the North Platte, Nebraska, and part in Colorado. Lord Stafford owns 100,000 on the line of the Northern Pacific R. R. Lord Dunraven bought 140,000 acres in Colorado, at Government prices, and it is now one of the best cattle ranches in the county. The Duke of Buford is one of the four English owners of 400,000 acres in the Panhandle of Texas. There are many other lordly snobs of Great Britain, and not a few German Counts, who have from 1,000 to 2,000 acres in Colorado, Texas, Dakota, Montana and New Mexico. These royal leeches will in a few years, unless ...

...made to ... by his ... House ... have been ... reported favorably for the erection ... public buildings at the following places: Camden, N. J.; Carson City, Nevada; Waco, Texas; Greenville, South Carolina; Key West, Florida; San Antonio, Texas; La Crosse, Wisconsin; Annapolis, Maryland; Augusta, Georgia; Macon, Georgia; New Albany, Indiana; Augusta, Maine; Chattanooga, Tennessee; Fort Smith, Arkansas; Richmond, Virginia; Saratogo Springs, New York; Paterson, New Jersey; Keokuk, Iowa; and increase of appropriations for buildings at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Council Bluffs, Iowa. LOTUS.

### A Family Slaughtered.

JOHN GLASSCOCK KILLS HIS WIFE, THREE CHILDREN AND HIMSELF.

On a pretty little farm near Rectortown, Fauquier county, Va., there has resided for some years past one John Glasscock, aged thirty, the son of Thos. Glasscock, one of the wealthiest graziers in that section of Virginia. John, about seven years ago, married a lovely woman, who has borne to him three children. He has always been considered rather weak mentally, and for a year or two past has indulged in drink, in consequence of the reputation his wife obtained for fondness of attention from gentlemen and gay assemblies.—The want of harmony in Glasscock's household arising from this had been noticed, but no one dreamed that the difficulty would result in a fearful tragedy.

On Sunday morning last, about eight o'clock, a colored man met John Glasscock going toward a piece of woods a short distance from the farm. Glasscock requested him to go to the house and see what he had done. The colored man did as directed and found the house on fire. This he quickly extinguished, and then discovered Mrs. Glasscock and her three children, aged respectively one, four and seven years, lying dead on the parlor floor, each shot through the head with pistol balls.

The neighbors seeing the smoke, hurried toward the farm house, by some of whom John Glasscock was noticed on the edge of the woods intently watching the house. On being approached he shot himself through the head, dying in a short time. Those nearest hurried to the scene of the suicide and, conveying him to the house, the five bodies were all laid together in the parlor on the floor, making a ghastly spectacle. The innocent victims of this terrible tragedy must have died instantly. On the little baby's face was a sweet smile. It was found in the arms of its mother, but whether she had it in her embrace when killed, or whether she clasped it to her bosom after being shot will never be known.

The most intense excitement exists throughout the neighborhood, and people have since Sunday morning been flocking to Glasscock's house from every direction. His venerable father is very much bowed down with grief. He had only two children, another son being absent in Florida, in the last stages of consumption. It is reported that, owing to the dissipated habits of John Glasscock, the father made a great difference in the treatment of the two sons, allowing Bedford great privileges, with his abundant wealth, and restricting John to short rations; compelling him to practise the strictest economy. It is also said that he had made his will, providing that the portion of his estate left to John should be kept in the hands of trustees. This condition is said to have worked upon John's mind and led him still deeper into dissipation.

Mrs. Glasscock was a Miss Frazier, of Loudon county, of a most respectable family, and the neighbors say that Glasscock has been filled with jealousy for a long time; but they also assert, upon the most positive terms that her conduct as a wife will bear the closest scrutiny. She was always fond of society, and ambitious to make a display; and her husband, soured by the lack of confidence from his father, became morose and suspicious. The scene of the tragedy is within three miles of the place where, one week before, the remains of Dr. Ambler, of the Jeannette expedition, were laid to rest. The five bodies were interred in the family burying ground of the Glasscocks, side by side.

### Pencil-Sketches of Misery.

A cold wind is sweeping down from the north through all the Ohio valley; snow is falling thick and fast; everywhere ice is forming, and the tents on the foot-hills are glazed with it. The uncovered earth, which is the only floor of these habitations where those who have here no other must dwell, is frozen hard. There is scarcely a tent where one or more persons are not lying ill on this cold earth with pneumonia. In many dead are awaiting burial. In the school house one man died last night. An old quilt is spread over the inanimate form. About it, sobbing in helpless, childish grief, are four children. The eldest pulls back the covering from the face that yesterday knew her, gazes an instant upon it and then turns away as if afraid. They are orphans. Their mother died last spring. Naked little children, fatherless and motherless; the eldest is 12, the youngest 5. They are the children of Michael Gavin. Shall I tell you more than that they are naked—thrown on the charity of their little world when it is unable to take care of itself? Here is a shivering family of seven persons. The name of the father is David Nixon. The oldest child is 10, the youngest 2. The mother is an invalid. They had clung, through all the overwhelming waters, to their little house. Then came that fearful storm. Their house was blown over, broken in twain and all their household effects lost. These are but specimen cases.

Said Judge Youngblood to me last night: "The whole country is aroused and awake to the situation as long as the water continues to run. The moment it begins to fall interest in the people who are ruined by it, made homeless by it, declines. Yet then its awful ravages are the most apparent. Then suffering from it is most felt." All of these suffering folks need your help far more than one or two weeks ago, before the recedence of the water laid their calamity bare and naked in all its details and before their small savings were totally exhausted. Now they are utterly helpless.

Poor, bereft Shawneetown! I am sickened with your miseries. All I can do for you is to appeal to our people. I ask myself, how can they be deaf to your needs?—*Shawneetown despatch to the Chicago News.*

### Items.

T. J. MACKEY, of Washington, has the original of a letter written by General Andrew Jackson in which the birthplace of the famous leader is mentioned as Lancaster, S. C. Parton and other historical writers have said that General Jackson was born in Union county, S. C.

A WHITE-HAIRED INMATE of the Jefferson county, Ohio, poohouse, who was once a prosperous Cincinnat merchant, has been legally notified that he has fallen heir to a $50,000 estate through the death of his brother in New Haven, Conn.; but the old man replies that he prefers to spend the remeinder of his days in the infirmary.

...equately ... ...sequent ... the original sto... ...GITIMATE ...ement ... ...ND LEPROUS. ...public jour... ...knows ... Forepaugh a white elephant ... ...or in ... ...saw the gentlemanly Ananias of the Barnum show, repeating the reporter's question and scornfully adding: "Why don't you ask me if John O'Brien has one?"

"Has he?"

"Who? John O'Brien? Why, great Egypt, no—unless he has whitewashed his old African elephant. You're twenty-one, ain't you? Well, don't let any of those Forepaugh guys close your eye on this subject. I'm telling you straight when I say Barnum is the only showman that has a white elephant. Of course he's white," continued the agent, referring to the pachyderm—"that is, as white as sacred elephants go. I don't say he's as white as snow, but he's white in patches. A sort of a calico elephant, so to speak. You've seen a calico hoss?"

"Yes."

"Well, just try and picture to yourself an elephant that looks like that."

While the reporter was endeavoring to draw a mind-picture of a bay elephant, decorated with pink-and-white patches, the awful untruthfulness of Mr. Forepaugh's emissaries flashed through the brain of Mr. Barnum's agent, and, with a frown on his face, he inquired: "Now, you don't for a moment believe that His Biscuits"—by that remarkable title he meant Mr. Forepaugh—"up Chestnut street could buy a white elephant? No, of course you kon't know. That's just the point. He knows you don't, and so he sends guys around to swell your head.

"When he heard that Mr. Barnum had a white elephant His Philadelphia Biscuits says if I can't get one I'll make 'em think I have. I tell you it takes big money to get a sacred elephant; and what's more, there was only one for sale, and as soon as Mr. Barnum heard of it he at once dispatched twelve agents to Burmah.—That was eight years ago. The agents labored seven years and spent $137,000, but were unable to secure the prize. Not wishing to return empty-handed they in 1882 bought an elephant with white feet, a white trunk and a white tail, but it was not sacred. The brute was shipped to this country, but when Mr. Barnum learned that it was neither pure white nor sacred he said to Mr. Baily and Mr. Hutchinson, 'I will never consent to deceive the people of my native country by palming off on them a curiosity that is not genuine.' That's the Governor's style, you know—straight up and down as a centrepole."

Here the agent broke his narrative and holding up two fingers of his right hand said to the bar-keeper, "Whisky sours." Turning to his companion he said: "The Governor won't have a drinking man with the show; and the instant he hears that one of his employes has taken a drink, off goes the drinker's head. I'm taking big chances when I order sours in a public place like this." Then returning to the matter he was most interested in he said: "Say, old man, don't you believe that anyone except Mr. Barnum will exhibit a white elephant in this country next summer. Oh, yes—that spurious white elephant. Well, Hutch and Baily, they said, 'What will we do with it?' and the Governor, he said, 'Kill it and get one that is genuine or none at all.' So it was poisoned.

"And another force of agents went to Burmah with $30,000 worth of presents (costing at least $5,000) for the King and at last succeeded in securing at Doang Damee the largest, whitest and most intelligent sacred elephant in the world, and, mind you, it is the only one that ever left the country. It cost $200,000 and its golden bath tub and feeding trough cost $75,000 more, and, by the way, the trappings were only leased at that. The priests that wait upon the elephant are paid $5,000 a month. Millions of natives gathered on the Salween to see the lord of white elephants leave home. What do the natives think of Mr. Barnum, do you say? Why, they worship him. Old Swain, who was over there, tells me they have images of the Governor in all the temples now. There's the bill of sale of our elephant published in *The Rangoon Gazette*," he added, unfolding a dirty-looking little newspaper and pointing out a column article on Toung Taloang, the spotted proboscidian that Mr. Barnum is now exhibiting in England.

An hour or so later the reporter met one of the picturesque story-tellers employed to do part of the Munchausen business for Mr. Forepaugh's aggregation.

"Look at that!" he said, holding up this cablegram:

"White elephant will reach Philadelphia in April. Expert naturalists say he is the only pure Albino elephant in the world. All others are leprous."

"That knocks Barnum higher than a kite," remarked the agent gleefully.

"I tell you the Main Guy"—(Mr. Forepaugh's agents, in referring to their employer, frequently give him that unique title)—"has the only white elephant that ever left the East. What? Call that measly little beast of Barnum's with a few dirty gray patches on his trunk, white? Why it's bosh, and when it comes down to the sacred business we have all the best of it. On the quiet, I'll tell you that that scaly elephant of Barnum's was never called sacred by any one except circus agents, while the Main Guy's white monarch lived for twenty years in a temple and was worshiped by millions upon millions of people. When it became known that he was to leave his native land the natives bought single hairs from his body for a rupee apiece. The priests who have charge of him made about $12,000 selling hairs. The little elephant in London cost about $10,000, while ours cost $250,000 before he left his temple and his diamond-studded trappings cost $75,000. Now, I'm giving you facts. Then there was a long pause.

"Oh, you saw one of those chumps of the Barnum show, did you? Filled you up, didn't he? I hope he told you about carting Professor Doremus, of New York, down to Bridgeport to try to turn an ordinary elephant white. He didn't, eh? Yes, it's true. Old Doremus went down there and doctored and painted and fooled with a black elephant and just when the operators thought the beast was becoming a shade paler it died. Ask some of those jays about it; but say, don't you let 'em pull you leg and convince you that that sick elephant they got in Burmah is white or sacred, for it isn't. Just bear in mind all the time you're talkin' to them guys that Mr. Forepaugh has the only legitimate white elephant and we've got the documents to prove it."

The conversation was interrupted by Mr. Cox, one of the imaginative agents of John B. Doris' Show. "Say, fallahs," began Mr. Cox, "did you hear about Doris?"

"No."

"He's just bought a sacred white elephant. The only legitimate one that will be exhibited in America this year," declared Mr. Doris' representative, unblushingly. The agents locked horns at once on the white elephant question and the reporter fled.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Wiggans will never cease predicting as long as the weather lasts,

...her little ... who stood ... perish ... ...ey his ... ...ttle child ... ...atively to the story, ... commend the boy's ... then grandly said:—"Ma, I think that boy was very good, but he was not very smart." To my mind the youth in "Excelsior" was neither very good nor very smart. If he was inspired by any worthy motive to force his way to the top of the frozen Alps; if he went there in pursuit of truth, or to rescue the perishing, or for any other worthy purpose, his conduct deserves commendation; otherwise he acted very foolishly. Ambition is not a safe guide. The youth in "Excelsior" is by no means the only person who has been ruined by it. It is dangerous to despise the advice of the old, or the experienced, or the simpler pleasures of home, all to gratify a foolish ambition to go higher.

The "Ambitious Youth," who climbed up the side of the natural bridge of Virginia that he might cut his name above all others, involved himself and his friends in terrible trouble. It is the spirit that animated Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and conquerors generally. A desire to go higher simply for the sake of going higher, not to accomplish any worthy purpose by doing it. It is not the spirit of Columbus or Washington. The best work of the world has been done by men who carried no flags and sounded no trumpets before them. They wrought patiently in secret, till suddenly the world found them at the top of the mountain before it scarcely knew of their existence.

So intent were they on the work they were doing, they scarcely considered whether they were going up or down. Indeed, generally to human vision, they have seemed to be going down. The world laughed at Fulton's folly, but Fulton persevered and now is distinguished as the inventor of steamboats. Had Luther been inspired with a desire simply to go higher, he would hardly have arrayed himself against the pope and kings and princes generally. He followed his convictions, without stopping to inquire whether they led him up or down. The same thing is true of St. Paul, of Wesley, Knox, Penn, Hancock, Adams and all really great men wherever found.

If the youth in "Excelsior" had walked thoughtfully up the mountain we would have supposed he was engaged in some laudable enterprise, perhaps studying the glaciers, or the geology of the mountains, or possibly searching for wanderers lost in the snow. But his only apparent motive in spurning the advice of the old man, the experienced peasant, and despising the endearments of home and love, was that he might carry his flag up the mountain side and yell, "Excelsior;" something after the style of what is called "blowing your own trumpet."

But "heights which great men reach and keep" are not attained in that way, or with such a spirit. Doubtful whether this youth ever reached the summit. Men never attain true greatness whose only inspiration is to compare themselves with their neighbors and then determine at every cost to carry their own flag still higher.

Blowing your own trumpets and carrying your own flags is very unworthy employment for men anywhere. The hound which found the youth:

"Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,"

Was doing better work than he. I like better the spirit of a song that tells of a nightingale which once sang a note out of tune, and was almost ready to die of shame. Surely, it thought, every bird in the woods was laughing at it.

But after a season of humiliation the nightingale opened its mouth again, and sang to the skies, not caring who heard, or what they thought, and such divine music never before was heard in the woods.

Let men be intent, not on carrying their flags to the high places of earth, but on doing the work before them in the best possible manner, and from the best possible motive. In that way only is true greatness to be found.—*Mrs. Hickman, in Cleveland Leader.*

### Bayard and M'Donald.

The Richmond *State*, one of the ablest of Southern journals, wants the above named Democratic candidates for president and vice-president. It is perhaps as strong a ticket as could be made; certainly none more thoroughly representative of the traditional principles of the Democratic party could be suggested. Bayard and M'Donald ought to win.—*Easton Ledger.*

### Great Guns.

Hannibal Hamlin takes trout easily.

Mr. Blaine writes about 1,000 words a day.

Sunset Cox doesn't illuminate much nowadays.

Senator Edmunds indulges in the giddy waltz.

Matthew Arnold loves the American dollar with an intense fervor.

Macon Mason, Governor of Massowah, Egypt, is a Maryland man.

Henry Irving's gross receipts in this country will aggregate nearly $400,000.

Henry Irving will be given an elaborate dinner by the Bostonians next month.

Baker Pasha was wounded in the cheek. Nature never intended him for a book agent.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says the best poems he has produced are the trees which he planted on the hillside.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes lingers lovingly about the halls of the Harvard Medical School and likes to talk to the boys. He is one of the few men who never grows old.

George Parsons Lathrop, the novelist, is short, stout and erect. He has a large head, curly black hair and black mustache and goatee. His manners are agreeable and his conversation sparkling.

Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, has won a new distinction by kissing Patti so quickly that she had "no time at all to see or to object," as she laughingly said in telling it. The wild West is again ahead.—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

THE new Duchess of Westminister, wife of one of the richest men in Europe, was married in a dress of white foulard, costing seventy-five cents a yard. This is certainly economy, and economy it is to use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the great remedy for coughs and colds.

### THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY ISAAC JONES & CO.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| WHEAT— | | CORN— | |
| Amber, | 1 15@0 00 | Yellow, | 00@53 |
| Timothy Seed | 2 25 | White, | 00@50 |
| Clover Seed, ₩ lb | @10¼ | Oats, | 00@40 |

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. M. REYNOLDS & CO.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Eggs, ₩ doz. | 00@15 | Chickens, | 12@12 |
| Butter, ₩ lb | 18@20c | Potatoes, | 40@50 |
| Lard, new ₩ lb | 10@12c | Ducks, | 11@12 |
| | | Turkeys, | 16@15 |

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| WHEAT— | | CORN— | |
| Prime red, | 1 06@1 17 | Yellow, | 61@62 |
| Timothy Seed, | 3 50 | White, | 58@60 |
| Clover Seed, ₩ lb | 13¾ 15c | Oats (Dela're) | 42@43 |

BALTIMORE MARKETS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| WHEAT— | | CORN— | |
| Good to amb. | 1 16@1 17 | White, | 60@61 |
| OATS— | | Yellow, | 60@61 |
| Southern, | 42@45 | Rye, | 65@67 |


IT IS AN ... Blow ... ANY good ... gales ... ceeded by the Grand Monthly Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery. The 166th Monthly will take place on March 11th. ... wind that blows no one any good, and a application to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., you may obtain information how you can obtain $75,000 for $5, or $5,000 for $1, etc.

## New Advertisements.

Our stock of Spring Clothing is now ready for your inspection.

It comprises such a variety of styles that we will surely be able to suit you. Prices very low.

**A. C. Yates & Co.**
LEDGER BUILDING, Chestnut & Sixth Sts.
PHILADELPHIA.
Feb.29-tf

**Prof. Harvey Corell,**
**The Blind Musician,**
FROM VIRGINIA.
Will give a Vocal and Instrumental Concert, IN THE TOWN HALL,
On Tuesday Even'g, March 11, '84.
Admission 25 Cents. Children 15 Cents.

**MUTUAL LOAN ASSOCIATION**
The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Mutual Loan Association of Middletown, Del., will be held
On Tuesday Even'g, March 18th,
At 7 o'clock,
FOR THE ELECTION OF OFFICERS.
☞ The Annual Report will be submitted.
mch.7-2t A. G. COX, *Secretary.*

**NOTICE.**
THE FINE SLEIGH at J. C. Stuart's Shoe store, in Middletown, will be chanced off on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, at 8 o'clock.
mar.7-1t. WILLIAM BUEHM.

**WANTED!**
A DWELLING HOUSE, suitable for an office and residence, Middletown, Del.
mar.7-tf. S. M. SNYDER, M. D.

**For Sale.**
500 BUSHELS BURBANK POTATOES, in lots of FIVE bushels and over at 30 cents per bushel.
mar 7-2t. M. N. WILLITS, Middletown, Del.

**Free Exhibition**
—OF—
**CARPETINGS.**
We will offer for inspection at the Middletown Hotel, Middletown, Del.,
March 12th and 13th, '84,
Morning, Afternoon and Evening, a full line of
Ingrain, Brussels, Stair and Hall Carpets, of every description.
Window Shades, Mats, Rugs, Stair Rods and Oil Cloths at prices within reach of all.
☞ My object is to give you these goods at the same prices as if bought in our store, saving you time and expense. We show you these goods with the aid of the Design Multiplier, so constructed that any pattern placed within is multiplied for an indefinite space, and appears as though perfectly matched and fitted to a room. I will consider it a favor to have you come and examine my goods.
PAYNE G. GREEN,
323 North Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Will exhibit at Odessa, March 10th and 11th; Smyrna, 14th and 15th.
PAYNE G. GREEN,
feb.29-2t. 323 N. Second St., Phila., Pa.

**13 EARLY CLUSTER QTS. NEW BLACKBERRY**
For 25 affidavits and testimonials (FROM A see Catalogue—FREE. ☞ BEST quality! MOST PRODUCTIVE! Single Hill
"The berries were the best I ever tasted."—*Farm & Garden.*
"Berries received and sampled; Earliest Large Berry
sweet and good."—*Farm Journal.*
BEST SORTS Strawberries, Raspberries, Grapes, Peach and other Fruit Trees, &c. J. S. COLLINS, Moorestown, N. J.

**A Prize.** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. mar.7-1y.

**Wanted to Buy or Lease**
—FOR A—
**Term of Years.**
FROM five to twenty acres of Land, with good buildings, in or near a town on the Peninsula. State location and amount of rent wanted.
W. F. ROCHE, Druggist,
15th and South Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
feb.1-4t

**Horses for Sale**
ONE PAIR FINE 3 YEAR OLD MARES, very closely mated; also, two 5 years old; sold on time to reduce stock.
TIMOTHY and MIXED HAY by the ton. Choice Early Rose Potatoes by the bushel—Northern seed, '83.
jan.25-8t T. C. MURPHEY.

**$5 REWARD.**
A REWARD OF FIVE DOLLARS will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any person or persons who shall cut, break or otherwise mutilate any tree upon the streets of Middletown.
By order of the Town Commissioners.
feb.15-4t JOSEPH HANSON, Secretary.

**LOST.**
A PROMISARY NOTE, for $342.20, on the Citizens' National Bank of Middletown, indorsed by John Clendaniel; signature blank. All persons are warned against negotiating the above note.
JOHN CLENDANIEL
KENNEDYVILLE, MD., Feb. 29, 1884-2t

**OATS FOR SALE.**
I HAVE 175 Bushels of good WHITE OATS for Seed, weighing 33 pounds per bushel; Price, 50 cents per bushel.
feb.29-4t* DAVID WARREN.

**FOR SALE.**
A SMALL TRUCK AND FRUIT FARM, excellent Frame House, eight rooms; also, a good Tenant House; Carriage House, with Stabling and Shed for hay. Pure water and healthful location; within twelve miles of Wilmington. Apply at this Office. feb8-tf

**COMLY AND FLANIGEN,**
PHILADELPHIA,
36 and 38 So. Front St.
Commission Merchants,
EVAPORATED FRUITS.
CANNED GOODS

## Public Sales.

**Public Sale!**
The subscriber having rented his farm will sell at Public Sale, at his residence, on the road leading from St. Augustine to Bohemia Mills,
On MONDAY, March 10th, 1884,
At 11 o'clock A. M.,
The following Personal Property:—
**Four head of Horses,**
ALL GOOD WORKERS AND DRIVERS.
**5 head of Cattle,**
All being No. 1 Stock;
One Bull, ⅞ Alderney; one Heifer Calf, six months old.
HOGS:—2 good Brood Sows, 11 Shoats.
CARRIAGES, &c.:
One Hudson & Cahill Carriage, in good order; 1 Sleigh, nearly new; 1 Dearborn, 1 good set Single Harness, one good Superior Drill;
Also, a lot of MEAT by the pound.
HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE.
TERMS:
All sums of $20 and under, Cash; all sums over that amount a credit of nine months will be given by purchaser giving note with approved indorser, interest added; payable at the National Bank of Elkton.
☞ No goods to be removed until conditions of sale are complied with.
J. FRANK PEACH.
Also, at same time and place, and on same terms, a lot of
Household and Kitchen Furniture,
by the Executors of the estate of John Peach.
J. J. WILLIAMS,
W. C. KARSNER,
*Executors.*
S. M. EVOS, Auctioneer. feb.29-2t

**Public Sale!**
The subscriber will sell at Public Sale, at his residence, near Townsend,
On MONDAY, March 10th, 1884,
At 10 o'clock, A. M.,
The following Personal Property, to wit:
**Horses and Colts:**
"Lida," large bay mare, 11 years old, excellent work and brood mare, well bred.
Also, will be offered for sale, 1 good Mare, 9 years old, and 1 good Colt, rising two years old, the property of Mr. John Atwell.
**CATTLE:**
"Lady," 6 years old, large size, and superior milker, fresh, short-horn stock.
"Daisy," rising 3 years old, good milker, out of Lady.
"Macie," rising 2 years old, out of Lady, very fine.
FARMING UTENSILS, &c.:
One good Farm Wagon, 1 good Horse-cart, 1 light Mill Wagon, nearly new; Twin Harrow, 1 Plow, 1 Iron-frame Cultivator, 2 Grain Fans, 1 good Corn Sheller, made by Hyland, but little used; 1 Union Cider Press, nearly new; Platform Scales, Wagon Harness, Plow Gears, Hoes, Shovels, Forks, 1 Wheelbarrow, Hay Knife, 1 Grindstone, 1 Blanchard Churn, nearly new; 1 long Ladder, lot of Milk Pans, large Iron Pot, Cross-cut Saw, some Carpenters' Tools, &c., &c.
Also, some HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.
TERMS OF SALE:
A credit of 10 months will be given on all sums of $20 and over by purchaser giving note or bond with approved security. Sums under $20, Cash.
☞ No goods to be removed until conditions are complied with.
JAMES T. TAYLOR.

**Attention, Farmers!**
**Lime! Lime! Lime!**
Caldwell & Haldeman's
CELEBRATED
**Bainbridge Lime**
IS NOW OFFERED AT REASONABLE RATES FOR THE COMING SEASON.
It will slack more to the bushel and contains less sand and core and other impurities than any other Lime in the market, which makes it a cheap and valuable fertilizer.
For Terms and Prices apply to
JOHN F. ROACH, *Agent,*
NORTH EAST, Cecil Co., Md.
☞ Delivered by Boat or Cars. feb29-6m

**PATENTS**
For new inventions and novel designs obtained in the United States, Canada and Europe, Trade Marks and Copyright-labels secured for the Merchants and Manufacturers who wish protection against imitators of their goods, packages or articles of manufacture. We are located opposite the United States Patent Office, have quick access to its records, and can give prompt and reliable answer to your inquiries. Of our firm one has had thirteen years' practice in the highest courts, another several years as an Assistant Examiner in the United States Patent Office and many years experience as solicitor of American and Foreign Patents. *Fees reasonable* and full satisfaction or *no fee.* Best references given. Our little book "on patents" *sent free* on receipt of one cent stamp. W. A. COULTER & CO., Solicitors of Patents, 23 St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. jan.4-tf

## Legal Notices.

REGISTER'S ORDER.
REGISTER'S OFFICE, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DEL., January 28th, 1884.
Upon the application of Chas. Beasten, Jr., Executor of Charles Beasten, late of St. Georges hundred, in said county deceased, it is ordered and directed by the Register that the Executor aforesaid give notice of granting of Letters Testamentary upon the estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof, by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such letters, in six of the most public places of the county of New Castle, requiring all persons having demands against the estate to present the same, or abide by an act of Assembly in such case made and provided; and also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT, a newspaper published in Middletown, and to be continued therein two months.
Given under the hand and seal of office of the Register aforesaid, at Wilmington, in New Castle county aforesaid, the day and year above written. S. C. BIGGS, Register.

All persons having claims against the estate of the deceased must present the same, duly attested to the Executor, on or before January 28th, A. D. 1885, or abide the act of Assembly in such case made and provided.
All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.
CHARLES BEASTEN, Jr., Executor.
Address, Middletown, Del., feb.15-2m
or, 48 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

REGISTER'S ORDER.
REGISTER'S OFFICE, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DEL., January 12th, 1884.
Upon the application of KATE F. WELLS, Administratrix of HENRY H. WELLS, late of Blackbird Hundred, in said county, deceased, it is ordered and directed by the Register that the Administratrix aforesaid give notice of granting of Letters of administration upon the estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof, by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such Letters in six of the most public places of the county of New Castle, requiring all persons having demands against the estate to present the same, or abide by an Act of Assembly in such case made and provided; and also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the Middletown TRANSCRIPT, a newspaper published in Middletown and to be continued therein two months.
Given under the hand and Seal of Office of the Register aforesaid, at Wilmington, in New Castle county aforesaid, the day and year above written. S. C. BIGGS, Register.
NOTICE.—All persons having claims against the estate of the deceased must present the same duly attested to the Administratrix on or before the 12th day of January, A. D., 1885, or abide the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided. KATE F. WELLS,
jan.18-2m. Administratrix.
Address, GREENSPRING, DEL.

## Middletown Advertisements.

1861. 1884.
**S. M. Reynolds & Co.**
While thanking our numerous friends for their liberal patronage in the past, we take great pleasure at the beginning of our new year in announcing to them and the public generally that our arrangements for business are now much better than they have heretofore been, enabling us to offer better bargains and advantages to purchasers than before. Our general stock is and will ever be found comple in all the novelties of the season and in every description of goods in the most desirable styles and qualities.
On our Bargain Tables will be found new bargains every week for the next sixty days of which our friends should take the benefit.
We commence this week with:—
Five Ladies Black Coats reduced from $5.00 to $3.75.
Four Ladies' Black Beaver Coats, trimmed, reduced from $6.00 to $4.50.
Five Ladies' Black Beaver Coats, fur trimmed, reduced from $7.00 to $5.00.
Four Ladies' Black Beaver Coats, satin trimmed, reduced from $8.00 to $5.50.
Three Ladies' Black Beaver Coats, plush trimmed, reduced from $8.50 to $6.00.
Three Ladies' Black Pilot Cloth Coats, reduced from $11.00 to $7.50.
Four Ladies' Black Pilot Cloth Coats, reduced from $13.00 to $9.50.
Two Ladies' Corkscrew Cloth Dolmans, reduced from $12.00 to $8.50.
Four Ladies' Beaver Dolmans, handsomely trimmed, reduced from $15.00 to $11.00.
One Ladies' Fancy Colored Coat, reduced from $6.00 to $4.50.
One Ladies' Fancy-trimmed Coat, reduced from $7.00 to $5.00.
Three Ladies' Fancy trimmed Coats, reduced from $7.50 to $5.75.
Four Ladies' Fancy-trimmed Plush Coats, reduced from $8.00 to $6.00.
Three Ladies' Fancy-trimmed Plush Coats, reduced from $9.00 to $7.00.
Three Ladies' Fancy-trimmed Plush Coats, reduced from $9.50 to $7.50.
Two Ladies' Fancy-trimmed Plush Coats, reduced from $11.00 to $8.50.
Two Ladies' Fancy-trimmed Plush Coats, reduced from $12.00 to $9.00.
Four Black Stockinette Coats, reduced from $7.00 to $5.50.
Three Black Stockinette Coats, reduced from $9.50 to $7.50.
Two Black Stockinette Coats, reduced from $12.00 to $9.00.
Five Black Stockinette Coats, reduced from $15.00 to $12.00.
One Black Stockinette Coat, reduced from $12.50 to $9.75.

MIDDLETOWN
**STOVE HOUSE!**
Having purchased the entire business of the Stove and Tin Department from S. M. Reynolds & Co., I shall continue the business at the same store on Broad street,
AND SHALL HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND
**Hayes' Brick-set Furnaces, Novelty Portable Heaters,**
Fire Place Heaters, Early Dawn Parlor Heaters, Parlor Stoves, Cook Stoves, Ranges,
**Vapor and Oil Stoves**
Of the best makes.
ALL KINDS OF STOVE AND HEATER REPAIRS.
Manufacturer of Tin and Sheet-iron Ware, Metal Roofing, Spouting, and Job Work generally.
Slate Mantels furnished and put up to order. Lightning Rods put up and repaired.
STAMPED WARE, JAPANNED WARE, AND TINWARE AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
MR. JOHN B. ROBERTS
is with me and is ready now to take orders, make estimates and contract for work.
With thanks for past favors I respectfully solicit a continuance of your patronage,
Harry Davis.
feb.15-tf

**Horses and Mules.**
The undersigned will have for Sale at their Stables in MIDDLETOWN,
On and After FEBRUARY 12th,
ABOUT FORTY-SIX HEAD OF
***Fine Western Mules***
AND ABOUT TWENTY HEAD OF CAREFULLY SELECTED
**WESTERN HORSES.**
☞ Persons in want of good Stock should call early or communicate with us by mail.
ECHENHOFER & LONG,
feb.1-tf Middletown, Del.

**RAMBO'S**
**Schuylkill Valley**
**LIME.**
ROBERT McCOY offers to farmers this high grade of Lime which, by a century's use, has obtained the highest reputation for its fertilizing qualities.

**ATTENTION**
of those desiring Lime is specially called to my products, and reference desired to the following gentlemen, all of whom have made practical use of our Lime and expressed their full satisfaction with it:

| | |
|---|---|
| S. DOBBS, N. J., | B. F. H. CAULK, Md., |
| GEO. LIPPINCOTT, N. J., | J. L. REEVES, N. J., |
| G. A. VORHEIS, " | S. F. EVANS, " |
| J. C. HUTCHINSON, Del., | J. M. JENNINGS, N. J., |

# The Transcript

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Two Dollars a Year; One Dollar for Six Months payable in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Eight cents a line for first insertion; Four cents a line for each additional insertion. One inch of space counted as twelve lines. Standing advertisements at special rates. Business Gossip notices, Ten cents a line each insertion. Obituaries and Tributes of Respect, Five cents a line. No advertisements inserted among reading matter. ☞ No free advertising.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAR. 7, 1884.


DELAWARE R. R.—TRAINS LEAVE MIDDLETOWN.

| GOING NORTH: | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 7.55 A. M. | 9.22 A. M. | 11.42 A. M. | 5.06 P. M. |
| GOING SOUTH: | | | |
| 10.11 A. M. | 2.14 P. M. | 4.42 P. M. | 7.30 P. M. |

## LOCAL AFFAIRS.

### Town Notes.

— The gentle spring poet is still in his hole.

— March came in like a whole den of lions.

— A coal bin never gets empty save during a cold snap.

— February thaws and March breezes bring a plenty of April sneezes.

— Dr. Parvis' phosphate factory is running with a full force of workmen.

— A good many Middletown Methodist folks are spending this week at Wilmington.

— How does the new board of town commissioners stand on the fire apparatus question?

— The Rev. L. W. Layfield will preach in the Middletown M. E. Church next Sunday, morning and evening.

— Does anybody know how many of Vennor's thirty-eight snows we have already had? Seems to us we have had about thirty of them.

— Some fine Clinton grapes, hermetically sealed by Miss Kitty Truitt last summer, were sent to us a few days ago. They seemed to have just come from the vines.

— John D. Eliason, a well-known farmer residing near Summit Bridge, was stricken with paralysis on Tuesday, and is reported to be in a very critical condition.

— The dwelling-house of S. B. Kelley, on Cass street, is advertised to be sold at Sheriff's sale on Friday, March 14th, at ten o'clock. The sale will take place at the National Hotel.

— Editing a paper in bed may do for a change but we don't fancy that sort of luxury. A plain wood-bottomed chair and the old familiar waste basket, and the writing table to rest our feet upon are good enough for us.

— The Middletown Mutual Loan Association has earned about 11 per cent. on its stock during the past year. The annual meeting of the association will be held on the third Tuesday in March. The Second Series of stock has expired.

— We are glad that Colonel Hanson is re-elected a member of the board of commissioners. With Colonel Hanson in the board, Middletown is safe; while Middletown is safe, Delaware is safe; and while Delaware is safe the country is safe.

— G. E. Hukill received and placed in his office yesterday a new fire-proof, to take the place of the one the burglars recently cracked. The burglars that come to crack the new safe will probably get a tonic administered from a shot gun.

— The town election was a quiet affair. There were no great issues to settle. There is the water and fire apparatus question, to be sure, but that has been sleeping very soundly for some time and will not be stirring again until there is another big fire.

— The Irving Lyceum has arranged a program of exercises for next Monday evening that promises to be very entertaining. There should be a large attendance of members. There will probably not be but two more public meetings of the Lyceum during this season.

— Several movings passed through Middletown during the early days of this week. To pack up one's household goods and move while the mercury is down to about 15 or 20, and the wind howling like a menagerie, must be very discouraging, even to folks who are fond of moving.

— Joseph C. Parker, who has long been engaged in harness-making at St. Georges, has leased the store room of Mrs. M. E. Clayton, on South Broad street, Middletown, and in this new and wider field hopes to build up a good business. He is enterprising and is said to be a good workman.

— The "Humpty Dumpty Combination" that recently performed at Middletown has, as we see by our exchanges, changed its name several times since it was here. It seems to us that a "Combination" such as it can't change its name too often. Once a day wouldn't hurt it in particular.

— Suspicious looking persons have been seen wandering about the streets in the night time. Another lot of burglars laying plans to burgle, may be. Our folks should be prepared for them. Nothing will convince a burglar of the error of his way so quickly as the twitter of a well-directed seven shooter.

— The Rev. George R. Bristor, formerly pastor of St. Luke's M. E. Church, Newark, New Jersey, has received from the official board of that church a copy of the formal charges against him. It is said that Mr. Bristor is sick at his home in Baltimore and that if well enough he will combat the charges against him before the Newark Conference, which meets the latter part of this month.

— Thomas Walmsley, son of R. R. Walmsley, died at his home in Middletown on Monday, of pulmonary consumption, in the twenty-second year of his age. Before being stricken by disease he was an energetic and hard-working young man. During his long illness he bore his suffering with great fortitude. The funeral took place on Wednesday. The burial was at Cecilton, Md.

— Now is the accepted time to plant your spring advertisements in your local newspaper. If you have anything to sell, that is the place to tell the folks about it. A sign on a board fence or a poster on a dead wall may be glanced at by the few, but an advertisement in the local paper is read by about everybody in the community. This is the age of newspapers. The hand-bill age is slipping away.

— A Middletown man who has been sleeping for the past three months with a seven shooter under his pillow was as mad as could be a day or two ago when he went out with the pistol to give a dog a tonic and found that not one cartridge in it would explode. He thinks he would have been in a pretty fix if a burglar had called on him. He will load his pistol with fresh charges every week hereafter.

— It is said that many mocking birds did not go South to spend the past winter but lingered amid the old familiar scenes and made themselves comfortable in the hedges of the Peninsula. It strikes us that a bird that is not especially fond of cold weather, and can fly, and don't have to pay any hotel bills down South, and then puts through the winter hereabouts and takes all the risks, is not as wise as it should be.

— Peach growers do not think that serious injury was done to the peach germs by the recent cold snap. The buds are in a condition now to stand a great deal of cold weather without receiving much injury. A continued warm spell of weather just before the late blizzard might have produced serious results. Of course, the little peaches may yet have to meet a good many frosts and cold blasts, but the "crop" seems to be as safe as it can be at this time.

— We have received from a friend in Florida a paper full of pictures and glowing description of that tropical land. It is pleasant, sure, to sit here surrounded by several boxes of pills, two or three bottles of cough mixture and other bric-a-bric of a sick room, and while a blizzard is howling without and trying to tear the roof off the house, to read of orange groves full of golden fruit, and look at pictures of folks dressed in linen clothes sitting in the shade fanning themselves.

### County.

— Robert T. Rankin, trustee, has sold the Jacobs farm in Mill Creek hundred, consisting of ninety-three acres, for $30.50 an acre.

— Enoch D. Howell, of Mill Creek hundred, has bought of Henry H. Kimble, of Cecil county, a farm containing 112 acres for $5,800.

— Register Biggs on Saturday granted letters of administration to Sarah J. Kane on the estate of the late Anna L. Kane, of Pencader hundred.

— Congressman Lore will name Willis Cheyney, of Wilmington, for the appointment to the vacant cadetship at West Point, with Frank Collins as alternate.

— Mortimer Whitehead, of New Jersey, National Grange Lecturer, delivered an address before the Pomona Grange of New Castle County, at Centreville, yesterday afternoon.

### State.

— Smyrna elected her "Improvement and Reform ticket" on Monday.

— The business men of Milton propose to put up a telephone line between that town and Georgetown.

— Georgetown will have to do without sidewalks another year. The "mudpie" ticket for town council was again successful there last Saturday.

— A. B. and H. A. Richardson have bought the storehouse on the corner of State and Lockerman streets, Dover, from Robert Lewis, for $6,000.

— The court house at Dover was set on fire by the pipe of a careless smoker last week. The timely descovery of the fire saved the building from distruction.

— Dover on Monday elected her old council, except J. W. Wise, who was elected assessor, William A. Rielly being elected member of council in his place.

— Professor Skinner has resigned his position as principal of the Conference Academy at Dover, to take effect next June, the end of the school year. He will devote himself to farming hereafter.

— The directors of the Dover glass manufacturing company have bought five acres of land near the fair ground upon which to locate their factory. This new enterprise promises to do very much for Dover.

### Maryland Matters.

— A musical society to be under the directorship of Porfessor C. B. Rhoads, of Wilmington, is being organized at Elkton.

— The Rev. Mr. Beers has accepted a call to the pastorship of the Elkton Presbyterian Church at a salary of $1,200 per year.

— The Orphan's Court of Cecil county has elected Deputy Register of Wills Reuben E. Jaman to fill the unexpired term of the late H. D. Miller.

— The ladies of the Mite Society of the Chesapeake City M. E. Church held a pleasant "Oriental Tea Party" on Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

— W. A. C. Hardcastle, has sold his farm, known as the Comegys farm, situated between Price's station and Clark's corner, and containing 284 acres, to C. E. Shannehan, of Easton, for $7100.

— An effort will be made to increase the capital stock of the Cecil County Agricultural Society from 500 to 1,000 shares. It is proposed to erect a new exhibition building 40 by 200 feet, and to make other substantial improvements.

— Elkton folks appreciate the value of manufactories. A bill originating in that town, providing for the exemption of all manufactories hereafter to be established in Cecil county from County and State taxes for a period of ten years, is before the Legislature.

— The Worton Agricultural Club, at a recent meeting, took up again the vexed question of horse racing, and after discussing it in all its aspects, again voted that it should be a feature of the fair. It was almost unanimously voted to hold a fair this, fall.—*Chestertown Transcript.*

— The amendment to the Kent county local option law, providing for a more strict enforcement of the law, has passed both branches of the Maryland Legislature. The amendment provides that in cases of violation the violator shall be fined as before, and in event of failure to pay the fines imposed shall be sentenced to serve a term not exceeding six months in the House of Correction.

### Loss of A Schooner.

The schooner Annie E. Hall, loaded with corn from New Castle for New Bedford, Mass., on Friday last went ashore at Vineyard Haven, about fifteen miles from the scene of the City of Columbus disaster. The corn soon swelled from being soaked by the water, which broke over her and burst the hull of the vessel. The schooner, which is owned by ex-Governer Hall of Frederica, Del., will be a total loss, as will also the cargo. The latter was from The William Lea and Sons Company, who had sold the corn to New Bedford parties and the latter are the losers. Both vessel and cargo are supposed to be insured. The crew was saved.

### Reported Favorably.

Congressman Lore's bill appropriating $150,000 for the erection of a new Federal building in Wilmington has been reported favorably by the House Committee on Public Buildings. A number of sites have already been suggested for the new building, which will probably be located on Market street between Fifth and Eight streets and extend through to Shipley.

### Wants The Clayton House.

James McClellan of West Chester, Pa., who was formerly the proprietor of the Bingham House in Philadelphia, has been negotiating for the purchase of George W. Ortlip's lease of the Clayton House for some time past. He was in the city on Tuesday and it was rumored that a bargain had been made. Inquiry at the Clayton House last evening developed the fact that no sale had been made, though it will probably take place soon if at all.—*Morning News.*

### Unclaimed Letters.

John E. Brown, Mrs. Sarah F. Benfer, Charles Collins, Mrs. Nancy Campbell, Miss G. Hickman. Persons calling for the above letters will please say they are advertised.

### Irving Lyceum.

The public meeting on Monday evening was largely attended and the exercises were highly entertaining. The opening quartet, "Bright Sparkles in the Churchyard," one of the quaint jubilee songs, sung by Miss Emma Cotton, Mrs. Samuel Price, Dr. Kennedy and Mr. S. Price, was full of melody and sweetness. Miss Vinnie Lynch, in her pure, bird-like voice, sung "When the Robins Nest Again," a beautiful waltz song, the rendition of which won much applause. Miss Cotton read "The Battle of Lookout Mountain," in her usual pleasing style. The little comedy by W. D. Howells, entitled "The Register," was so well rendered as to win the praise and plaudits of all who were fortunate enough to be present. Mrs. Buker as *Ethel Reed*, Miss Mollie Burris as *Nettie Spaulding*, Mr. M. B. Burris as *Mr. Ransom*, and Dr. Kennedy as *Mr. Grinnage* all filled their respective roles in a way most creditable to themselves and highly pleasing to the audience. All through the comedy, which was about an hour in length, the applause was frequent and was given in a way that indicated that the audience were heartily enjoying the little play. Nothing more pleasing than this comedy has ever been given by the Lyceum. At the conclusion of "The Register" Miss Lynch sung, by request, "Polly, the Cows are in the Corn." The last number on the program was a pleasing vocal solo by Miss Cotton. The Lyceum feels deeply grateful to Miss Lynch and Miss Cotton for their kindly help on many occasions. Miss Lynch has long been an honorary member of the society and on Monday evening Miss Cotton was also elected an honorary member. Both were assured by the President that their presence would ever gladden the Lyceum.

### Death of Mrs. Beasten.

Mrs. Olivia Beasten, widow of the late Charles Beasten, died in Philadelphia at 12 o'clock yesterday, aged 63 years. The immediate cause of her death was paralysis. She had been in poor health for several weeks, having never recovered from the shock occasioned by the death of her husband. Mrs. Beasten was the daughter of John T. Cochran, and was born on the Levels, near Middletown. She was a woman of many estimable qualities and was loved by a large circle of relatives and friends. Her remains were brought to Middletown last evening. The funeral will take place on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The interment will be at Forest Cemetery.

### Roll of Honor.

MIDDLETOWN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

For the month ending Feb. 29th. Standard required 95 per cent. in attendance, deportment and rank in studies.

Department No. 1.—Sadie Pharo, Effie A. Kelly, Lottie Jones, Nellie Rothwell, Martie Tatman, Annie Hayes, Annie Morrison, Lizzie R. Hall, Anna Hoflecker, Rhoda Wildes, Philip Cleaver, Fred Beasten, Wm. Carpenter, Wm. Lockwood, James H. Budd, Harry Clayton, James Warren, Horatio Willits, Robert Jones.

Department No. 2.—Helen Naudain, Dollie Budd, May Unruh, Fannie Derrickson, Mary N. Buck, Clara Moore, Lillie Hall, Ella Stephens, Mable Parvis, Nellie Biggs, Harry Hayes, Curtis Holten, Thomas Hall, Alexis Wilson, Frank Jolls.

Department No. 3.—Corbit Hayes, Frances Williamson, Robbie Comegys, Bertie Johnson, Laura Moody, Willie Parker, Herman Parker, John Kelly, Hattie Wilson, Ethel Parvis, Minnie Vasey, Edith Clayton, Lydia Echenhofer, Sallie McWhorter.

Department No. 4.—Lydia Hayes, Louisa Wilson, Florence Wilson, Olla M. Whitlock, Fannie Stephens, J. Thomas Budd, Jr. Samuel Kelly, Harry Hilyard, Harry Johnsan, Samuel Brooks.

ODESSA PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In the higher department of the Odessa public schools the following pupils attained an honor grade for the month of February: Charles Wiest, Ella A. Rhein, Mary Peacock, Sallie Paullin, Addie Roberts, Charles Gibson, Scott Townsend, Harry Rose, Chester Gibson, Hamilton Mailly, Constance Mailly, Ella Walker, Alice Croft, Ruth Naudain, Georgia Hallman, Mary Lightcap, Ada Huggins, Harry Lightcap, Michael Keegan, Daniel Keegan, W. L. Gilch, Lida Gilch, Lizzie Gilch, Ella Rhodes, Lucy Rhodes, Mabel Lloyd, Lida Lloyd, Richard Lloyd, Lida Rose, Mollie Morgan, Lizzie Gremminger, Levi Plummer, Howard H. Hyatt, John Wiest, Katie Gremminger, George Wiest, Frederick Wiest.

PORT PENN PUBLIC SCHOOL.

The following pupils have averaged 90 per cent in attendance, deportment and recitations for the month ending February 29: Harry McNelly, Mary Conard, Martie Zacheis, Jennie Webb, Edna Kirk, Elisha Bassett, Clesson Yearsley.

WOODLAND SCHOOL.

The following named pupils averaged 90 per cent. in recitations, attendance and deportment for the month ending Feb. 29th 1884:—Eugene Cleaver, B. Vance Armstrong, Frank Bratton, Wm. H. Armstrong, Wm. F. Metten, J. Farrall Metten, John R. Crossland, Thomas C. Crossland, J. Howard Crossland, John R. Ratledge, Howard Ratledge, Harry W. Richards, Clarence I. Richards, John F. Richards, Mollie M. Richards, Clara Richards.

### Suicide of a Seaford man.

An inquest was held by Deputy Coroner Ashbridge, of Philadelphia, on Saturday morning upon the body of David S. Rawlins, 34 years of age, a resident of Seaford, Del., an inmate of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the insane, who died in that institution on Friday from the effects of injuries inflicted, with suicidal intent, the previous day. The man had been engaged in the oyster business at Seaford, and, as he displayed signs of insanity, was brought to the institution in Nov. last. He was usually very mild, and on this account was allowed more freedom than the other inmates. At times he became very violent, and during one of these spells on Wednesday he wandered off and could not be found. On Thursday morning as some boys were playing ball on a lot in the neighborhood of the institution they discovered the almost lifeless form of the man lying on the ground. His head was horribly crushed or pounded, and near him lay a large stone covered with blood with which he had battered his head. He was taken back to the hospital and regained his consciousness. He lived until Friday afternoon. Rawlins once before tried to take his life by battering his head against a stone wall. A verdict of suicide while insane was rendered.

### Town Election.

The following was the vote at the Town election on Monday: For Commissioners, S. S. Holten, 78; Joseph Hanson, 74; T. E. Hurn, 22. For Treasurer, A. G. Cox, 87. For Assessor, C. E. Anderson, 89. For Alderman, John Vasey, 92. Messrs. Holten and Hanson were elected Commissioners. Mr. Hurn was not a candidate. There was no opposition to the re-election of Messrs. Cox, Anderson and Vasey. The present board of Commissioners is constituted as follows: W. P. Biggs, Joseph Hanson, T. W. Bucke, H. C. Howell, S. S. Holten.

### Reflections of a Sick [illegible]

A person who is not used to being [illegible] is in a sorry plight when he finally has to knock under from force of disease and circumstances and finds himself in bed with a fever and a bad cough and some rheumatism, and surrounded with tea and toast and steamed crackers and similar infant food. And when it comes to trying to edit a paper in this condition it is too much. There is no fun in it. It is all hard, sober work. There may be men who can evolve great thoughts and put them on paper between doses of quinine and syrup of squills and similar stuffs that we cannot recall the names of just now, but we are not one of them. When we have a fever that heats our interior department like the furnace of a locomotive, and a headache big enough for a family of thirteen, and pills by the bedside to take every four hours, and fever medicine and cough mixture to take between times, we don't feel like saying anything to the public. We do not feel that we can say anything to make the public better, happier or wiser. But we want to say a few words about this fever matter. You know how it used to be long, long ago. If you had a fever the doctors had cold water administered to you out of a teaspoon. Just think of that, dear reader, the next time you get a fever and feel as if one pump couldn't keep you cool inside. The idea of drinking water out of a teaspoon when there is not a cool spot about you. Why, cold water is Nature's great fever medicine. The doctors will all tell you so now but some years ago doctors didn't know as much as they know now. You have heard old people tell, no doubt, how they have lain upon a sick bed burning up with fever, and with only a little water given them now and then out of a teaspoon, and how in the night-time when everybody was asleep and they could endure the burning thirst no longer they got up and staggered down to the pump and drank their fill of cold water. And what a drink that must have been to them! No wonder they could remember it for years and years, and tell their children and grandchildren about it, and relate how they began to get better from the very minute they swallowed that drink. It is hard for a person of ordinary mind to understand why doctors of the olden time denied a fever patient cold water in reasonable quantities, but it is just as hard to understand why the same doctors punched a lancet into a patient's arm and bled him for everything from an attack of cholera morbus to an ingrowing toe nail. When we get a fever we want a quart of cold water in easy reach all the time. We keep the boiler full. The only satisfaction you can get out of a fever is in pouring down cold water and in thinking about the strawberry ice cream and iced watermelon and ice-cold temperance drinks you will take in when you get well. But, alas, the longing for the strawberry ice cream and iced watermelon and similar cool things goes away in a measure with the fever and a longing for something more solid takes possession of the premises.

Another thing we want to say a few words about, is "tonics." The doctors have a new way of putting up tonics. They put them in a little gelatine overcoat that looks like a glass phial. When you get this contrivance pointed straight down your throat, and take a sup of water and kick hard with one foot, it goes right along as if it were accustomed to traveling by water, but if the bottle of tonic happens to get cross ways of your glottis, then there is trouble. It sticks and the lid comes off and the "tonic" comes out, and then you feel as if you wanted to kill somebody.

A "tonic" is probably a good thing for a sick man, but sometimes it makes him see strange visions. While we were full of "tonic" in the nighttime strange and weird circus processions would pass by. There would be a $10,000 prize beauty mounted on a sacred whitewashed elephant, and gaily caparisoned knights, and a brass band, and a great assortment of lions, tigers, hyenas, and other beasts of prey. Then big spiders with bad looking eyes would come and sit on the side of the bed and tickle us under the nose with their "feelers," and want to be in other ways unduly sociable with a total stranger. We are glad to say, however, that we saw no snakes. We are willing to see circus processions, and spiders if they belong in the performance of getting cured of a fever, but whenever a doctor gives us "tonic" that shall cause us to see snakes, we shall complain.

One night while we lay scorching with fever, and wondering how many hours it would be till we had to take another pill, a dog came and sat at our casement and howled for one hour as if he were being paid for it. It was the most distressing quality of howl we most ever heard. Now there is no superstition about us. No matter how sick we may be a dog cannot make us believe we are going to die right away by howling at our window. It is a matter of much regret that the howling of a dog is not an omen of death—that is, death of the dog—much oftener than it is. If there had been any bond of sympathy between us and that dog that howled under our window in the nighttime we would not have cared, but the dog was a total stranger and did not know that we were sick. We regret that we did not have a shot gun and the strength to go to the window and teach the dog that it is better to hear our sorrows in secret than to pour them out to a cold and unsympathetic world.

Under the care of a good doctor and careful nurse we are getting along nicely, but at present we are forbidden to slide down the baluster, or to stand on our head, or to practice with nine pound Indian clubs, or to go out and throw snow balls.

### Thackery—Stevenson.

In the M. E. Church at Dover on Tuesday afternoon, March 4th, R. C. Thackery, Esq., of the Elkton bar, and Miss Lizzie B. Stevenson, daughter of E. M. Stevenson, of Dover, were joined in marriage, the Rev. Dr. Caldwell officiating. The church was handsomely decorated. The bridesmaids were Miss Annie Stevenson, a sister of the bride, and Miss Jennie Rodgers, of Utica, N. Y. The groomsmen were Mr. Thackery, a brother of the groom, and Mr. —— Nowland. The church was crowded with relatives and friends of the bride and groom. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Thackery set out on their wedding journey to Baltimore and Washington.

### The M. P. Conference.

The Maryland annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church will meet at Pocomoke City on Wednesday, the 12th of March. The Rev. J. T. Murray, who has only been president for one year, will probably be re-elected. There will be about 180 ministers and laymen in the Conference, which embraces the whole of Maryland, the District of Columbia, a section of Delaware and a few counties in Virginia, and represents a membership of 16,000. The Conference will elect twenty delegates to the general conference of the church, which meets in Baltimore May 16th, ten of the delegates being ministerial and ten laymen.

The [illegible] Wilmington Conference of the M. E. Church was begun on Wednesday, in the Asbury M. E. Church, Wilmington. The attendance of [illegible] and members of the church was large. Bishop W. L. Harris, D. D., LL. D., presided. Connected with this Conference are 312 churches, valued at $1,113,300. The membership is 25,500, with 3,257 probationers. There are 334 Sunday schools, with 29,355 scholars.

The Conference was opened by the reading of the Scriptures and prayer by the Bishop.

Rev. J. D. Rigg was elected Secretary, and he appointed Revs. E. H. Nelson, E. P. Aldred and E. C. MacNichol as assistants.

The Bishop then announced the Standing Committees.

Rev. John Paul Cooke, of the French Wesleyan Conference, was introduced and addressed the Conference on behalf of the Methodists of Erance, and asked that a collection be taken up to assist the good work in that country. His request was complied with. The amount collected was $72, neasly all from the ministers.

Revs. J. France, W. B. Walton, J. A. Brindle and Edward Davis were elected Ministerial Stewards.

The Bishop called for reports from Presiding Elders. The first on the list, Rev. Chas Hill, made a favorable report of the condition of the churches in the Wilmington District. He also reported that a healthy improvement had been effected in the temperance cause. A number of the churches had paid off in whole or in part debts that rested upon them a year ago.

There has been but little gain in membership in the district during the past year. The characters of the ministers as called were reported as good. The missionary collections reported by them amounted to $6,907.

Rev. John Shilling was granted a supernumerary relation, and a collection was immediately taken up for his benefit, which amounted to over $300, most of which the ministers contributed.

The religious services in the afternoon were conducted by Rev. J. E. Smith.

The statistical reports from the various churches were referred to the Statistical Committee. Rev. Isaac Wood, a candidate for admission into the ministry, was introduced to the Conference.

Rev. B. F. Price delivered an address upon the Centenary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country. The address referred to the founding of Methodism in England by John Wesley, and its introduction into this country in 1771, and the holding of the first Conference in Philadelpnia in 1773. The speaker dwelt with eloquence upon the zeal and self-sacrificing spirit of the early fathers of the Church, and depicted with force the good that had been accomplished by Methodists during the past one hundred years. At the Conference held in Baltimore in 1784, there were at that time but 84 ministers, 64 stations and 14,980 members. Wm. Waters, a resident of Western Maryland, was, the speaker said, the first native preacher of Methodism.

Rev. G. A. Phœbus, on moving that a vote of thanks be tendered to Mr. Price, made a brief address, in which he referred briefly to the history of Asbury Church, in which the Conference is now being held. This Church was opened in 1789 by Bishop Asbury. The Society was organized, however, about 1767. The Philadelphia Conference has held four annual sessions in this church. The present membership of the church is 640, with 180 probationers.

The Educational Anniversary was held Wednesday evening in St. Paul's M. E. Church. F. A. Ellis, President of the Society, presided, and made a brief speech. Addresses were also made by Rev. J. R. Boyle, J. Miley, D. D., and J. B. Young.

The Missionary Sermon was preached in Asbury Church by the Rev. H. Haynes. There were large congregations in both churches.

THURSDAY.

Rev. W. H. Hutchins, J. H. Caldwell and W. L. S. Murray were appointed a committee to fill vacancies in the Board of Trustees of the Conference Academy at Dover.

The Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society informed Conference that the total appropriation to the cause of freedmen had been increased from $100,000 to $125,000, and that the share for the Wilmington Conference to raise was $2,000.

Rev. D. P. Kidder, D. D., Secretary of the Board of Education, presented a paper stating that there had been a great increase in contributions, but it was not equal to the growth of the work. Wilmington Conference had contributed as follows: 1881, $9,021; in 1882, $1,726; in 1883, $601.02. He referred to the importance of making Children's Day, the second Sunday in June, a success in the way of collecting funds for educational purposes. Each one contributing a dollar would receive a medal.

The call of collections in the various churches for worn-out preachers was made. The total amount reported was over $5,000.

Rev. T. E. Martindale, Presiding Elder of the Easton District, represented the condition of the churches in his district. He said that there had been revivals in nearly all the churches, and renewed interest manifested in the contributions for the various benevolent objects of the church. During the past year three new churches have been completed, and a number of others improved and modernized. The churches and other property in the district are valued at $324,000, while there is only $8,000 of debt. The character of the ministers in this district were favorably reported. The missionary collections amounted to $3,060.

A. W. Milby, Presiding Elder of the Dover district, made his report, in which he said that during the year six new churches and two new parsonages had been erected, at a cost of $14,560, all of which has been paid. There are 93 churches and 33 ministers in the district, and in many of them revivals have taken place and many new members added. In the Conference Academy at Dover are eight teachers and 165 students. The property is valued at about $50,000, upon which there is a debt of $20,000.

G. A. B. Wilson, Presiding Elder of the Salisbury District, also reported that the prosperity of the churches in the district is encouraging. There are now 89 churches in the district, two of which were erected during the past year.

There was no regular session of the Conference in the afternoon, so as to give the committees an opportunity to prepare their reports.

In the evening a temperance sermon was preached in Asbury Church by the Rev. T. R. Creamer.

The Women's Female Missionary Society held their anniversary in Grace M. E. Church. Rev. J. R. Boyle presided, and speeches were made by Rev. E. W. Parker, D. D., Mrs. Rev. J. Maugh and others.

— Miss Emma Cotton, who has been sojourning with Middletown friends for several weeks, returned to her home at Thurlow, Pa., on Wednesday.

[illegible] During [illegible] inspection [illegible] very unsatisfactory [illegible] has occurred to us [illegible] and then to make a change from white to yellow corn; and also that they get their seed corn from a point west of the Mississippi river, and not plant any corn the coming season that has been grown in this part of the country, and thus avoid what might be poor seed corn. In this connection we also recommend that "Longberry" wheat be grown instead of "Fultz" wheat, as there seems to be an increasing demand for Delaware and Maryland Longberry wheat both for milling purposes and mixing it with western wheat. The strongest point in favor of Longberry wheat and yellow corn is that there is usually a brisk demand for them, consequently the price is always better than for other grades. The circular is signed by the following officers of the road: John S. Wilson, general freight agent; John Whittaker, assistant general freight agent: George Stephens, division freight agent.

### That Elkton Hen.

The local editor of the *Cecil Democrat*, who has recently bought a new hat and has strange feelings like unto a hen with her first crop of chickens, expresses the belief that we are worried because the Middletown fair is dead and the Elkton fair is flourishing. Gracious, no! If there is any man on this earth who is more tired than we are of the agricultural horse trot we would like to shake hands with him. An agricultural fair doesn't make a town grow and flourish. How many houses have you built in Elkton during the past ten years, Mr. *Democrat*? How much has the population of your town increased during the same period? Oh, your town is a nice, pleasant little place, and your excellent fair will flourish for many a day, no doubt, but still we must continue to think that Elkton is much too slow a town for a hen that lays two honest eggs a day.

### More Carp to Come.

Enoch Moore, Jr., the Delaware Fish Commissioner, has written to United States Fish Commissioner Baird for five hundred young carp, which he will distribute down the Peninsula. A lot of two hundred carp which Mr. Moore had in his office in a tank, were frozen to death during the winter.

*Reported for the Transcript.*

### Drama at Townsend.

The local talent of Townsend presented their first drama on Tuesday evening, February 26th, to an audience of 250 persons. The stage in the new Town Hall was looking its best by the many decorations and tasteful arrangement of scenes. So great was the success of the drama that by special request it was repeated the next evening to an audience of 200 persons. The play was called "The Social Glass; or, The Victims of the Bottle." Mr. Will Hollis as *Charles Thornley*, the reclaimed drunkard, was very good. Mrs. Maloney as *Eva Thornley*, the reclaimed drunkard's wife, threw much feeling into her part and the audience were visibly affected. Mr. Will Scott as *Squire Hollis* made an excellent villain. Miss Angie Foxwell as *Nettie Nettleby*, and Clarence Staats as *Bob Brittle* created much merriment in their exceedingly humorous parts. Mr. Al. Lynam as *John Farley* showed too truly how he fell into the very pit he had dug for his fellowmen. Mrs. Wilson as the *Landlord's Wife* showed plainly, as she reviewed her husband's downward course, the agony she felt for having given him his first glass of wine. Mr. Clark Collins as *Dr. Slater*, and Mr. Corb Jones as *Harold Hadley* acted their respective parts well. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Townsend Cornet Band, which rendered several choice pieces of music in good style. And here let me add,—no more appropriate play for such a well-deserved cause could have been chosen. The band is composed of a fine lot of young men of the neighborhood, who are free from the habit of indulging in the intoxicating cup, and are a credit to themselves and the place both in their daily walks of life and as an organization.

— W. A. S.

— Miss Kate Irwin, of Philadelphia, and Miss Mollie White, of Wilmington, are visiting at the residence of Mr. George W. Wilson, the guests of Miss Clara B. Wilson.

### MARRIED.

THACKERY—STEVENSON.—March 4th, in the M. E. Church, Dover, by Rev. J. H. Caldwell, D. D., Robert Thackeray, Esq., of Elkton, Md., and Miss Lizzie B. Stevenson, of Dover, Del.

ARMSTRONG—MATHEWS.—On February 28th, 1884, at the Elkton M. E. Parsonage, by Rev. C. F. Sheppard, Mr. Edward Armstrong, of Cecil county, Md., to Miss Fannie L. Mathews, of New Castle county, Del.

LINDELL—DICKINSON.—On February 20, 1884, at the M. E. Parsonage, in Elkton, by the Rev. C. F. Sheppard, Thomas M. Lindell, of New Castle county, Del., to Sadie Dickinson, of Cecil county, Md.

EDWARDS—REYNOLDS.—February 14th, 1884, by Rev. Wm. S. Palmer, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Norwich, Conn., Mr. James H. Edwards, of Norwich, and Miss Nellie F. Reynolds, formerly of Cecil county, Maryland.

### DIED.

BEASTEN.—In Philadelphia, on Thursday, March 6th, 1884, Olivia R. M., widow of Charles Beasten.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral from her late residence, in Middletown, on Sunday afternoon next, at two o'clock, without further notice.

WALMSLEY.—March 3d, 1884, Richard T. Walmsley, of Middletown, in the 22d year of his age.

TAYLOR.—February 24th, in Middletown, Rhoda, daughter of William and Anna C. Taylor, aged 3 years and 2 months.

ORRELL.—At Odessa, on March 1st, 1884, Lucretia, wife of the late James K. Orrell, in the 52d year of her age.

### The Dead Line.

Is well remembered by the veterans of our "late war" but Speer's wine has achieved a wide reputation from its efficacy in the sick room, being one of the most pleasing and comforting beverages that can be given an invaid and at the same time is a powerful strength restorer. For sale by West & Carroll.

## Business Gossip.

GEORGE W. WILSON, Undertaker and Dealer in Fine Furniture, has constantly on hand a carefully selected assortment of Plain Furniture, Walnut, Ash, and Painted Chamber Sets, which will be sold as low as can be purchased in Philadelphia. Parlor Furniture and Marble Top Tables furnished at Manufacturers' Prices. Also, on hand and for sale, Commodes. Warerooms, Corner Broad and Green Streets, near Citizens' National Bank, Middletown, Del.

## New Advertisements.


### RATHER TOO LONG.

**After Twenty Years on the Wrong Side of Life a Virginian Turns the Tables.**

"How long did you say?"

"Twenty years, I said. Up to the time I mentioned I had suffered from diseased liver for twenty years," said Mr. S. T. Hancock, of Richmond, Va., half sadly, as though thinking of that dilapidated section of his life. "At times I almost wished it had pleased Providence to omit the liver from the human anatomy."

"Bad enough—twenty years of that sort of thing," responded a listener. "What was the upshot of it?"

"The upshot was that some time ago I went down to Scott's drug store in this city, and bought one of Benson's Capcine Porus Plasters, applied it and was relieved in a few hours, and am now as sound as though my liver were made of India-rubber."

Benson's—unlike the old fashioned kind of plasters—act promptly. Look for the word Capcine, which is cut in the genuine. Price 25 cents. Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

Our Carpet trade has so increased that we have been compelled to enlarge our Carpet Department. We have [illegible] beautiful Carpet Room, filled with the best MAKES and DESIGNS the market can produce. Our stock consists of Brussels, Tapestries, Body Brussels (with borders to match), Ingrains, Three-Ply, Damasks, Rags and Hemps, all of which we make and lay in the best manner when desired. We have also a line of Oil Cloths, Coco Mattings, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Stair [illegible], Carpet Felting, Window Shadings, &c.

Remember, you have fifteen thousand yards of Carpets to select from, therefore come where you can get just what [illegible]

### CLOTHING!

Since the completion of the annex our sales of Clothing have increased three-fold, and there is no reason why we should not double the increase this fall and winter. We are expecting it, and have put in stock to that end. We have not missed a sale this fall. That is saying a great deal, but why should we, our stock is large and adapted to all ages,—Children, Boys, Youth, and Men,—and with prices to suit all. So you see there is nothing very wonderful in our not missing a sale.

**Cassimeres.**—Our stock of Foreign and Domestic Cassimeres is complete, and we have a tailor that can fit you. This man is Mr. James McColgan, formerly of Chester, Pa. He has been here one year, and his work testifies to the fact that he is a man who understands his business. ☞If you want a suit of clothes equal in style and workmanship to those you get in the cities you can get them here at a much less cost.

☞PLEASE GIVE US A CALL!

Oct. 18-tf. **W. H. MOORE & CO.**

Middletown, Delaware.

60c. **Brussels Carpets,** The Choicest Goods Ever Offered. 50c. **Ingrain Carpets,** The Choicest Goods Ever Offered.

### JOHN M. EVANS'

**Daylight Carpet Rooms, 919 Market St., Philad'a.**

Our large elegant stock and low prices have made our store the most popular resort in the city for Carpet Buyers. mar.7-3m.

### Diamond State Super Phosphate.

DIAMOND STATE — SOLUBLE BONE,

### Peach Tree Super Phosphate,

SUGAR BEET PHOSPHATE, TRUXILLO GUANO,

MANUFACTURED BY LORD & POLK.

IMPORTERS OF POTASH,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Fertilizing Materials Generally.

OFFICES: { ODESSA AND MIDDLETOWN, DEL., No. 2 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. mar.27-tf.

Established in 1867.

### ODESSA NURSERIES.

Examine our Stock

500,000 one and two year old ORANGE, extra strong, at Low Rates, in lots of twenty thousand and upwards.

30,000 Best Market Varieties of PEACH, PEAR, APPLE, CHERRY, PLUM and NUT TREES.

300,000 SMALL FRUIT PLANTS, including old and new varieties of Strawberry, Raspberry, Blackberry, Gooseberry, Currants and Grape Vines. 20,000 2 yrs. Conover's Colossal Asparagus. Also, a general assortment of Shade and Ornamental Trees and Hardy Shrubbery.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST. POLK & HYATT, Odessa, Del.

And Get Low Pr